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BETRAYED.

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The sun is shining as bright here still,
The grass as fresh and green,
The great trees tower upon the hill—
It is the old, old scene!
The green vines climb around the cot
And the brook yet smiles in sheen;
A sort, calm picture, ne'er forgot—
Yet not the olden scene!

Though ivy clings about the wall
And old oaks upward soar,
And the turf's as velvet to soft footfall,
'Tis not the spot of yore.
When she with me o'erwandered the lea,
Or stood by the purling stream;
'Twas then an Eden of Hope to me
In the silvery moonlight gleam.

But the form that made the Paradise—
Alas! for vow oft told!—
Away in the arms o' a stranger lies,
Bartered for shining gold.
Bartered! ay, soul and body sold,
And the peace which maidens prize,
And the hot vows into mine ears once told
Are shattered to broken ties.

And I stand atlast without a hope,
Where hope once breathed and smiled;
Yet young she was, and weak—a dupe—
So I softly say, "Poor child!"
But the shaded, sylvan hill-top brow,
And meadow, and cot, and stream,
Are but a quiet sepulchre now—
The green grave of a dream! CARLOS.

DANGEROUS GROUND;

OR, THE

THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM.

CHAPTER VII.

"I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or, rather, idiosyncrasy, in anything. Those natural repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spanish or Dutch.—SIR THOMAS MANNEY."

The Countess of Montargis, on receiving an intimation from her footman to the effect that Miss Amanda Garraway was within and at her ladyship's service, descended the steps of the carriage and entered the house, being shown into the apartment dignified by the name of drawing-room, because it contained superior articles of furniture carefully covered over with brown holland and was only used on state occasions. It was cold and cheerless and open to a charge of dampness.

Jane ushered the countess into the room and apologised for the momentary absence of her sister, who, she said, would wait upon her directly, the fact being that Amanda, with pardonable vanity, was desirous of making as favorable an impression upon her ladyship as she could, and had gone up stairs to change her dress and smooth her hair, the visit of the countess being totally unexpected, having caught her in a somewhat untidy condition. First impressions are everything, and this Amanda knew well; therefore she resolved to give a lady whom she wished to secure as a patroness no excuse for finding fault with her.

With a slight inclination of the head, the countess acknowledged Jane's excuse for her sister's absence and said:—

"I can wait," almost immediately afterwards turning her back upon her and examining some badly executed photographs of John Short and his wife, taken upon glass, which, in garnish looking frames, adorned the wall opposite the door.

Taking this as a hint that her presence was no longer required, and that their distinguished visitor was not inclined to enter into conversation, Jane discreetly withdrew.

Her ladyship was rather above the middle height, having a figure wonderful for its perfect symmetry, which was well set off by a tightly fitting bodice, dimly visible through the mazy fretwork of a magnificent lace shawl. She could not have been less than forty years of age, yet her lovely features were in an excellent state of preservation, and from their then existing beauty spoke eloquently of the charms of the past, which had made her the belle of the season and secured as a husband for her the wealthy Earl of Montargis, who had just then succeeded to the title by the death of his brother and the mysterious disappearance of that brother's son. She was dark as the night. Though her complexion was dazzling white there was a subdued fire in her black, flashing eyes, which spoke of the spirit she had always at her command when aroused. Her glossy hair was like a raven's plume and her every motion full of grace, elegance and dignity.

If her manner was a little less conciliatory than it might have been, if she was proud and haughty and did not look with kindly feeling upon those inferior to her, perhaps the fault was in her education and the associations of her daily life. She did not know the meaning of poverty. Suffering had always been absent from her home. She possessed the love of her husband, who, if he did not realize her ideal in every shape, was nevertheless indefatigable in his endeavors to render her happy.

It was with something like contempt, not unmixed with wonder, that her ladyship examined the drawing-room which John and his wife Jane thought such a miracle of good taste and neatness. The tawdry German prints, in colors, which hung on the walls, she turned from with horror; they contrasted so strangely, to her cultivated taste, with the masterpieces of ancient and modern art with which the Montargis saloons abounded. The members of John Short's family who had called in the aid or the photographer to perpetuate their faces were not remarkable for their beauty, and when she came to the row of family portraits her ladyship smiled again.

Certainly the room was clean, for Jane was an avowed enemy to dirt, but that was all that could be said in its favor. There was more furniture in it than it could properly hold and that was badly arranged, while the dull level of inferiority was not relieved by a single shrub or flower, and rather aggravated than not by a few branches of artificial roses and chrysanthemums—an odd mixture—which were stuck in hideous vases, such as dealers in old clothes exchange for left-off articles of wearing apparel.

While her ladyship was yet engaged in the congenial task of criticism the door opened and Amanda made her appearance. She did not make a low courtesy, such as the Countess of Montargis had expected, but with a fearless though respectful demeanor advanced to within a few feet of her visitor, and, without any symptom of fear or trembling, began to speak upon the subject of her ladyship's visit, exhibiting therein a self possession which was astonishing to the aristocratic critic, who, from the appearance of the house and its surroundings, had expected nothing better at most than a nursery governess or an upper servant, ambitious of improving her condition.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon for keeping you waiting," exclaimed Amanda. "But I was at the top of the house, going through some accounts for my brother in law, who is a very good tradesman though a poor mathematician: but we must not be hard on those who have not had the advantages of eduoation, for if my father had not been rather lavish in his expenditure upon me I should not now have had the honor of receiving a visit from your ladyship."

The countess took a chair, and, pointing to another, said:—

"You can sit down. I do not require you to stand while you are addressing me."

"I did not intend to do so," replied Amanda, boldly. "I must apologize again for not asking you to be seated, for I may say that I am in my own house and the duty of setting my visitors at their ease rests with me. I hope you will not be offended at the freedom of my language, Lady Montargis, but I can see that you have formed an erroneous estimate of me, and that you are in doubt as to whether I shall or can possibly be a fit companion or instructress for your daughters. I beg to assure you that every word I stated in my advertisement is strictly matter of fact. I can play and sing and have a thorough knowledge of French and English, though I cannot boast of my German, my studies in which language having been somewhat elementary. I did not think that I should have been under the painful necessity of advertising for an engagement, but my poor father has been very unfortunate and I cannot burden my brother-in-law with my maintenance, for on him the weight devolves."

"Will you allow me to ask you, without thinking me impertinent or curious, who and what your friends were, at what school you were placed, and any matters of family history concerning yourself which you may be disposed to favor me with, as well as the references you are in a position to give, me, should I determine upon taking you into my service?"

"If you should honor me so far as to engage me, Lady Montargis," said Amanda, with a mildly satirical accent, by way of correction, "you will find Miss Gillingham, of Upton Park House, near here, willing and able to give you an account of the poor attainments and powers I possess, and for which I am indebted to her. My father was a farmer on the estate of Mr. Merrivale Dashwood, by whom he has been very badly treated. The rector of Nunminton is well acquainted with us, and when you mention my father's name, which is Mr. Thomas Garraway, and that of my brother-in-law, Mr. John Short, I think you will be told that they are both guarantees of my respectability, while I sincerely trust that you will consider and find Miss Gillingham is a sufficient recommendation for the fitness for the post for which I have advertised."

"I am obliged to you," answered the countess, who had written down the names given her upon some ivory tablets, which she replaced in a pocket of her dress. "It is as well not to act hastily in these matters, and if you will allow me a few days to make the necessary inquiries, Miss Garraway, I will not fail to communicate with you. My girls, I may tell you, are two in number and have never been to school. Their late governess has left on account of ill health, and it is owing to the necessity for filling up her place that I have, amongst others, replied to your public application for employment. The salary I am prepared to give to a competent person is fifty pounds a year. I shall drive now to Upton Park House. Good morning."

There was no bell in the room and Amanda was obliged to open the door and show the countess the way out, which act of courtesy she acknowledged by an inclination of the head. Her footman was at the street door and assisted her into the carriage, which quickly drove away, amidst the excitement of the neighbors, who thought that John Short had been having recourse to magic to secure so fashionable and distinguished a customer, for her ladyship's carriage was well known in Nunminton, Montargis Park being only a few miles distant, and the wealth and grandeur of its inmates a matter of notoriety to all.

When Amanda returned to her friends she was overwhelmed with questions, but she was discreet enough to make evasive replies and not to speak confidently of her ladyship's visit, the result of which was yet problematical. They wished her success, but she could see from their manner that they thought her chance a poor one.

A fortnight passed and she heard nothing from Montargis Park, which made her spirits sink to the lowest possible ebb, more especially as she had not received any more applications in answer to her advertisement. One morning, however, a letter, bearing a coronet on the seal, reached her through the post, and she was delighted to find that it was from the countess, who told her that her reference was satisfactory, and that the report she had received from her late school mistress was such as to induce her to offer her an engagement for six months. She requested her to come to the Park at her earliest convenience.

Amanda was now able to hold up her head and speak with confidence of the future. It was the height of her ambition to be independent and to associate with ladies and gentlemen. Who knew but that she might make an advantageous match? She knew that the Earl of Montargis had a son and she even dared to hope that she might find favor in the eyes of the young Lord Mayland, who was just of age and likely to be susceptible of feminine charms such as she flattered herself she possessed. This was a dream which she kept to herself, for she well knew that her friends would ridicule her for indulging such an ambitious project.

Farmer Thomas Garraway parted with his daughter with regret. He had been very grave and cast down ever since his departure from the farm, and, though he never mentioned Fanny's name, it was evident to all that he thought much of her and speculated deeply as to her fate. She was his youngest and he had always been fonder of her than of the others. It was a cruel blow to him to lose her in so mysterious a manner, and she would have been cut to the heart if she could have witnessed his silent distress. Though Jane was ever kind and attentive to him, and showed her parents more substantial and unvarying proofs of affection than his eldest and youngest daughters, he, with a strange caprice of nature, loved her least. She knew this, but it made no alteration in her dutiful behavior, which was unexceptionable and beyond praise.

He was proud of Amanda and wished her success in an svocation for which he was almost afraid she was not fitted. She promised to write to them all at Nunninton frequnly, but begged that they would not call unless she invited them, as she did not know whether their visits would be agreeable to the noble family among whom her lot was to be cast for the next few months, if not longer.

It was her firm determination to do all she could to maintain herself in her new position. She had heard that there is a skeleton in every house, the meaning of which she interpreted to be that every family has its own secret or secrets, and the higher the position of the family the more profound and dangerous was often the mystery. It was not improbable to her romantic mind that this great and lofty house of Montargis had its secret. If so, why should she not be able to gain possession of it? She would not have considered it derogatory to her dignity to listen at doors when people were talking, to read private letters when no one was watching her and to pick up scraps of information here and there, however contemptible the means she would be compelled to employ. In fact, at an early age she was designing and a schemer—one whom it was dangerous to admit into any one's house, and to whom it would have been fatal folly to confide any matter of importance, for she would not have hesitated to betray the trust imposed in her had she considered it to her interest to do so.

With a scanty wardrobe and a slender purse she went to Montargis Park. She dressed chiefly in black and was always neat and lady-like. The servants at once took a dislike to her, for her manner was unconciliatory, and she asserted her position in an unmistakable manner when the lady's maids endeavored to place themselves on friendly terms with her. She had her own apartments, and, though it was intimated to her that she might frequent the drawing room in the evening, if she chose to do so, she invariably refused unless she was solicited to do so by the pupils or sent for to play on the piano or sing.

The Ladies Gwendoline and Selina Mayland were very unlike each other in appearance and disposition. The former was proud and haughty, dark and stately as her mother, while the latter reminded her preceptress of the lost Fanny—she was so gentle in her manner and cheerful and obliging to all with whom she came in contact. They did not, either of them, tyrannize over Amanda or give her unnecessary trouble, but there was this difference in their treatment of her—Gwendoline would seldom condescend to speak to her on matters not connected with her scholastic duties, while Selina was pleased to come into her sitting-room and talk or read with her. Amanda, on her part, endeavored to make a favorable impression on all those who were worth impressing, and, with this end in view, she was particularly civil and obliging to the earl whenever they came in contact.

The Earl of Montargis was upwards of fifty years of age, very quiet and retiring in his manner, never appearing in public if he could help it and amusing himself with the simple and congenial pursuit of farming. He was a justice of the peace, but he seldom attended to his magisterial duties unless a poacher had to be prosecuted, for he was a strict game preserver and detested a poacher from the bottom of his heart. In politics he was a Tory, though he had always refused to serve his party in Parliament and he permitted his tenants to vote as it best pleased them, being much too liberal to coerce them in matters of conscience. He was not a man of violent likes and dislikes and would make any sacrifice to obtain a quiet and peaceful life. It was chiefly owing to this indolence and want of energy that his wife was permitted to have her own way in everything. So long as she did not trouble him he allowed her to do precisely as she liked.

His son, Lord Mayland, partook of his father's ideas and idiosyncrasies in no small degree. He was fond of farming and of shooting, and was, in addition to that, a great reader. He looked forward to a Parliamentary career, but intended to fit himself for the duties of a legislator by severe and careful study before he sought the suffrages of a constituency.

There were times when the Earl of Montargis was inaccessible to everybody. He would shut himself up in his study or take long, rambling walks in the fields or woods, his manner wild and excited, himself abstracted from the world and its business, and evidently the prey of unpleasant and exasperating reflections. What those reflections were no one knew. Even the countess was not in his confidence, and Lord Mayland could only put his father's conduct down to eccentricity, or a slight aberration of intellect, which would occur periodically.

Amanda noted this well.

She had not been many weeks at Montargis Park before she found the key to the characters of all its inmates, and she would frequently spend hours of the long winter evenings silent and solitary in the sitting-room they had given her, and wonder what the cause might be of the old peer's melancholy. That she should discover it sooner or later she was convinced, and she hoped fervently that there was a secret connected with the house of Montargis, by gaining possession of which she could make her fortune; and certainly the circumstances surrounding the family gave some strength and consistency to her romantic ideas.

MR. CHARLES FECHTER, Tragedian.

For Biographical Sketch see Page 341.

She never lost an opportunity of trying to make a favorable impression upon Lord Mayland, but he took no notice of her, treating her with the commonest civility, making her feel, without perhaps wishing to do so, that she was but a dependent on the household, belonging to a different class to himself, and hired by the money of his father and mother to teach his sisters. He was of a studious turn of mind, and his books had more charm for him than a woman's eyes, however bright and eloquent, and he would rather read a sound practical treatise on farming than listen to Amanda's really excellent interpretation of the admired music of the most celebrated Italian masters. Oddly enough, his indifference only made Amanda the more anxious to captivate him. Her task was a difficult one. There was no sympathy between them, and she feared to put in practice those arts of coquetry which a woman has always at command, and knows so well how to use, lest she might attract the attention of his lady mother, whose quick perception would enable her to see what she was doing, and probably secure her dismissal in a summary, if not ignominious manner, from the park.

In the spring of the following year the young ladies were to be introduced into fashionable society. The countess had told Amanda that if she was satisfied with her conduct, which had, up to that time, been unexceptionable, she would accompany the family to town for the season, and continue to be the companion and occasional instructress of the girls, for which promise Amanda was thankful, as it was her wish, at all hazards, to remain an inmate of the household, and it was strange that events soon took place which gave her quick and active brain as much work as it had coveted, and brought her talent for intrigue into immediate action, much to her delight, for she was not one of those who care about leading a quiet and humdrum existence, undisturbed from day to day, and from year to year.

CHAPTER VIII.

As, to the autumn breeze's bugle sound,
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
Or, from the garner door, on either borne,
The chaff flies derisive from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so derisive, as the breath of heaven,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driv'n.—ANONYMOUS.

Among the numerous scraps of the history of the Montargis family were several of a nature sufficiently interesting for Amanda to preserve, when she had, with diligence and assiduity collected them. These scraps, when put together, made an intelligible narrative, which was as follows:—

Hubert, Earl of Montargis, the possessor of the title, was a younger brother, and would not have succeeded if his relative, who was the heir-at-law, had not died a few weeks before his father breathed his last. This brother, whose name was Stanley, had a son, a child but a few years old, and this boy disappeared in a remarkable manner. It was thus that Hubert became Earl of Montargis.

There were uncharitable people who said that Hubert knew more about the mysterious vanishing of the child than anybody else, but as the boy's mother died soon afterwards, overwhelmed with grief at the almost simultaneous loss of her beloved husband and darling child, there was no one to prosecute inquiries respecting the latter, whose fate became speedily forgotten, except by the busybodies who lived in the immediate vicinity of Montargis Park.

Of course, if this child—christened Stanley, after his father—should happen to be alive, he was the heir to the title and estates. He could claim them, and, on proving his identity, dispossess the earl, who would be a mere usurper. This made itself clear at once to Amanda's mind, and she, with her vivid imagination, had grave doubts as to the earl's fair dealing with the boy, who would, if living, now be three or four and twenty years of age. The earl had a direct interest in his disappearance from the scene, and if he were indeed guilty of any foul play the remembrance of the past might prey upon his mind, making him the victim of remorse, and his fits of abstraction be thereby accounted for, as well as his terrible depression and melancholy.

It was Amanda's custom to take a walk every morning, when the weather would permit her; sometimes she was accompanied by her pupils and occasionally she went alone. On a fine day in December she had put on a bonnet and shawl to go out as usual. Gwendoline was engaged in the perusal of a book, which she found so interesting that she could not leave it, and Selina was suffering from a slight cold.

"If you are going near the village, Miss Garraway," exclaimed the countess, "I shall feel obliged by your taking a few parcels to pensioners of mine, and saying kind words as you deliver them."

"Gladly" replied Amanda, with cheerful acquiescence. "Have you the basket ready? If so I will start at once and do my best to support your ladyship's charitable reputation."

The countess gave her a basket, which was not too heavy to be carried on the arm, containing little packets of groceries, money and small books of a religious tendency. Though not ostentatiously pious, the Countess of Montargis was of a benevolent disposition and the poor of the neighboring village of Fonthills had cause to thank her for her substantial gifts all the year round. Many had she relieved from positive want, many had she helped into prosperity by timely loans and presents, and it was her pride and her boast to know all the inhabitants of Fonthills and to hear all times willing to lend an ear to their tales of genuine distress.

With a light heart and an elastic step, Amanda set out on her journey, tripping gaily along through the crisp, frosty air, which fanned her usually pale face into a ruddy glow.

Fonthills was not more than two miles and a half distant from the "House," as the princely abode of Lord Montargis was called, and she quickly traversed half the distance. She paused a moment to rest the basket, which proved to be heavier than she had expected, on a stile, and was surprised to hear voices coming in her direction. That of one of the speakers she instantly recognized as belonging to the Earl of Montargis, and, in obedience to a cunning instinct peculiarly her own, she slipped behind the trunk of a broad and ancient elm, which effectually hid her from view. In this hiding place she could hear all that was said, if, as she hoped and imagined, the speakers would halt for a time before the stile.

She was the more anxious to catch whatever stray words might be borne towards her because the earl had, for the last two days, been in one of his melancholy moods, speaking to no one and absenting himself from the family circle. His brow had been dark and gloomy, and he had muttered to himself in an inarticulate manner, giving every indication that his mind was the prey of dangerous thoughts.

When he came near enough for Amanda to see his face she remarked that it was much agitated and bore traces of having been distorted by passion. While talking he gesticulated wildly and his air was more imperious than she had usually remarked it.

His companion was a young man about four and twenty, having a singularly handsome countenance, which, however, was devoid of any intellectual expression whatever. Occasionally it would light up with a transient gleam, but, as a rule, it represented utter vacuity. His hair was dark and hung in fantastic, curling locks down his neck. His clothes were neither new nor fashionable, and from their shabby and even dirty look he did not seem to care much about his personal appearance, which was untidy in the extreme.

It was evident from his deferential manner that he was well acquainted with the earl and stood some what in fear of him, for his eye quailed beneath that of Lord Montargis, and when the latter raised his voice he trembled as if he dreaded a recourse to actual violence.

Stopping at the foot of the stile, as Amanda had anticipated, the earl exclaimed to his companion, who halted within a few paces of him and occupied himself in breaking into several small pieces the branch of a hazel bush which grew very near to his hand:—

"I have told you before, Maxwell, and I tell you again, that I will not have you coming up to the House after me. You have your lodging in the village and Mr. Nodes sends you from London what money you require. If you mention my name as your friend and patron and persist in following me about, I shall have to send you back to the Red House, which I should be sorry to do, as I know your antipathy to it."

"No, no!" cried the young man addressed as Maxwell, his face exhibiting intense horror, "you shall not do that. I will not speak of you or come on your ground, though I love to wander in these wild woods and through these spacious meadows."

"Well, begone and let me see no more of you," said the earl, from whose brow the dark shadow fell. "Keep to the village and let no one extract any particulars of your former history from you, or dread the worst. You know that my resentment is terrible when aroused and you have before this had abundant cause to fear me. I never break my word, and if you disobey me I will as certainly punish you as there is a sky above us. Here is a sovereign for you. Go and remember what I have said to you."

Maxwell took the money with as much pleasure as a child would have exhibited in receiving a present from its parent or guardian, and, promising compliance with the earl's commands, walked quickly along the path which led to Fonthills, while Lord Montargis, after looking after him for about half a minute, got over the stile and returned to his house.

Waiting until the earl had become lost to sight by a bend in the pathway, Amanda hastened on after the young man, in whom she began to take a great interest. Who was he? and why did the Earl of Montargis take the trouble to caution him not to mention his name and to keep off his property? There was evidently some mystery about the matter, which she was anxious to probe to the bottom. She ran until she was out of breath and the spire of Fonthills Church was just visible through the streets, when she overtook Maxwell, who was apparently hurrying away from the ground where he was told not to trespass.

Having reached him, she politely accosted him, asking the way to the village. He stared rudely at her without replying, as if he did not thoroughly hear or understand her, and she had to repeat the question before he waved his hand in the direction of the church spire and strode on. She was at a loss to account for this strange behavior, but did not venture to speak to him again. It was unusual for her to be treated uncereminously by any man, as her pretty face generally secured civility, if not unqualified admiration. As she proceeded on her way she repeated the two names which had fallen from the earl during his conversation with the strange being over whom he had such an influence. These were Maxwell and Nodes, of London. These names were the key to an enigma and she would not have forgotten them on any account.

Fonthills lay in a hollow and was protected by hills which rose on the north and east, while an undulating expanse of table land stretched out towards the south-west. It was a pretty and picturesque hamlet, entirely the property of the Earl of Montargis. The family worshiped in the parish church on Sunday and contributed largely to the charities which the benevolence of former times had established.

Amanda looked at the addresses on the parcels and distributed them to the fortunate recipients of the bounty of the countess. The last on the list was an elderly widow named Betty Nason, who was a great gossip and inveterate scandal-monger. Amanda was well aware of her unenviable reputation and felt convinced that if any one knew anything about Maxwell it would be the old woman. Accordingly she gave her the dole of which she was the bearer and added a few shillings out of her own private purse, begging permission to rest a while in the humble cottage inhabited by Betty, and which, thanks to the generosity of the countess, she was in her old age permitted to occupy rent free. It was her intention to put a few judicious questions to the aged pensioner, to which she knew she should have long and discursive replies.

Mrs. Nason was only too glad to be honored by a lady's presence and dusted a chair with her apron for her visitor to sit down upon, saying:—

"Poor is the best accommodation I can offer you, miss, but such as it is you're welcome to it, and once more may the Lord prosper you and those that sent you for your kindness and charity to an old woman. Ah! it's well for those to have riches that make so good a use of them."

"I am told you know every one, Mrs. Nason," said Amanda. "Can you tell me anything respecting a Mr. Maxwell, who lives in Fonthills? I met him accidentally to-day and I should like to know who and what he is."

Mrs. Nason smiled as she replied:—

"You could not have come to a better person for information, my dear young lady, as Mr. Maxwell lodges in my cottage and has done so for the last six months. Poor gentleman! he's not quite right in his head and came out of an asylum before he came here—so I'm told—and he's given dreadfully to drinking, which is the ruin of any one who gives himself up to it. He's quite a gentleman, though, when he chooses to be so, and I've always found him very harmless. He never talks to or makes a friend of anybody and his chief pleasure when he gets his money—which he does monthly—is to go about from place to place drinking. Who he is, or what he is, I know no more than a child."

Amanda did not think it worth while to pursue this unprofitable line of examination, and, thanking the old woman for permitting her to rest herself, she took her departure and went back to Montargis Park.

CHAPTER IX.

Like seeds that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again,
The maiden spring upon the plain
Came in a year full of rain.
In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The lopped elm trees gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.—SIR LANCELOT.

Christmas passed without any exceptional display on the part of the Earl and Countess of Montargis, who were satisfied with two family parties, one general reception and a ball. That season of festivity had been looked forward to by Amanda as an opportunity to meet with some gentleman or nobleman, from whom she would possibly receive attentions. She was disappointed, for no one took any particular notice of her, and her singing and playing were both eclipsed by some friends of the Ladies Gwendoline and Selina Mayland.

It was with positive relief that she heard the Countess of Montargis announce her intention of going to London early in May, and she looked forward with anxiety to the spring, which would bring with it a change of scene for her and a crowd of new associations, which could not fail to be agreeable to a girl of her age and ambitious designs. She was of obscure origin herself, as the phrase goes, but she had heard dozens of well authenticated instances of girls who went out into the world and made good marriages, even becoming allied to the ancient and haughty peerage of Great Britain.

Large sums of money were spent by the Earl of Montargis in redecorating his town house, which was situated in Eaton square, and plenty of work was given to the best milliner at the West End, who had to supply the Ladies Gwendoline and Selina Mayland with the newest fashions, for their mother well knew the charm that a well dressed woman exercises over all with whom she comes in contact.

The season was a very brilliant one. Parliament met early. The court set the example of extravagance and display in giving costly parties, balls and dinners, and the aristocracy—the richest in the world—emulated the example thus set with a recklessness of expenditure which diminished many a rent roll, but added to the splendid gaiety of "the season," and sent their names trumpeted on the tongues of fame to the uttermost limits of the domain of fashion. Among these the Earl and Countess of Montargis were distinguished. The occasion was a grand one, that of the introduction of their daughters to society, and they spared no expense, for it was the dearest wish of their parents to see them married to husbands in their own sphere, and who could number on their coats-of-arms as many quarterings as themselves.

Madame Glavelli was the name of the milliner to whom they confided the preparation of their toilet, and on the morning of a great ball, which the Earl of Montargis was about to give in the evening, this fashionable *modiste* sent one of her assistants into Eaton square with a box containing a couple of skirts, which she wished to submit for their approval before it was too late to alter them. Many hands had been employed all day and part of the night for some time on these miracles of the dressmaker's art, but there was no trace on the splendid material of the fatigue, exhaustion and the weary, bitter tears shed by the sleepless eyes of the overtasked workers.

A servant helped the little milliner to take the boxes containing the dresses out of the cab in which she had come and they were placed in a morning-room, to which the Ladies Gwendoline and Selina descended, accompanied by Amanda, their mamma being occupied upstairs with the groom of the chambers, attending to the decorations of the ball-room, but promising to join them shortly.

The little milliner opened the boxes and their contents were exposed to view. But Amanda did not care to gaze at them; her regards were fascinated by the milliner, in whom she recognized her missing sister Fanny, who was much altered. She was thinner than formerly and her face bore the traces of severe suffering, but there was still the sparkle in the eye, and, though sedate and grave, she seemed to have some hope in the future.

The ladies were lost in admiration of the dresses, which were exceptionally magnificent and splendid. Selina, wondering why Amanda did not join in her critical approbation, called her by name. This caused Fanny to look up and the eyes of the sisters met. Fanny's face exhibited the utmost surprise and terror. She was about to speak, when a warning glance and a movement of the hand, of a threatening and imploring nature combined, restrained her.

As she moved to the table and passed her sister, Amanda whispered:—

"Don't speak now. I will come and see you. Be a stranger. I have my reasons."

This was enough for Fanny, who obeyed her eldest sister, marveling, nevertheless, how she came to meet her in the household of the Countess of Montargis. She knew her to be a woman of the world and was content to do as she was told by her, but Amanda fancied she detected a feeling of relief on her face, arising from a wish not to be questioned. A quick, vivid flush had come into Fanny's cheeks when their eyes met. Was it the flush of shame? She had no further opportunity to continue her investigations, because both Lady Gwendoline and Lady Selina asked her a dozen questions respecting their dresses, they having an excellent opinion of her taste, which, indeed, was perfect.

It answered her purpose to find some fault with the dressmaker's skill, and she volunteered to return to Madame Glavelli's with the young milliner, and order certain alterations to be made. To this the ladies made no objection, and, quickly dressing herself, Amanda joined her sister in the cab, to which the dresses had been re-conveyed in their long and shallow cardboard boxes.

Amanda did not speak kindly or shake her sister by the hand when the cab started, rattling over the stones and making a detestable noise with its ill fitting windows. She spoke sharply and abruptly, saying:—

"How comes it that you are working for a milliner? What have you been doing since you left home and why did you leave?"

Fanny averted her eyes and replied, in a weak voice, the result of long suffering, apparently:—

"I can tell you nothing. I have my secret and it will remain one. Do not press me, do not ask me any questions, for I can make you no satisfactory answer. If I had known that I should meet you at the Earl of Montargis' house, I would not have come, for I voluntarily separated myself from my family and——"

"You are ashamed to meet them? Well, be it so," interrupted Amanda "If you will not gratify my pardonable curiosity you cannot restrain my imagination from exercising itself at your expense. You lay yourself open to all sorts of injurious suspicions."

"I am content that you shall think what you like, at present," answered Fanny.

The cab was not long in reaching its destination, a strict silence being preserved between the sisters during she remainder of the journey. Fanny, with difficulty, kept herself from crying, as she was overwhelmed with home recollections, and Amanda saw tears in her eyes. If she had exhibited a little sympathy she might have gained her sister's confidence, just as her father might have done in days gone by, but she spoke no word which could induce the poor girl to confide in her.

Fanny went into the work room on her arrival at the shop, without holding out her hand to her sister, who was met by Madame Glavelli and treated by her with the utmost respect. Amanda suggested a few trifling alterations, after which she said, in a low tone:—

"I happen to be acquainted with the features of your workwoman, who brought the dresses to Eaton square. She is a native of Nunminton, in the neighborhood of which Montargis Park is situated, and, if the character she now bears is no better than it was when she lived there, I do not think she is the proper sort of person to be in your employ. Do not mention my name, if you should think fit to dismiss her, nor, in fact, allege any special reason. You will act as you please, but keep me out of the matter."

An intimation of this sort from one in Amanda's position was equivalent to a command and Madame Glavelli declared that she should not stop a day longer in her service, though she was forced to admit that she had found her always attentive and obliging, and a good workwoman.

As Amanda went back she muttered to herself:—

"I will not have any of my relatives prying about me. Fanny is not likely to do me any credit and I will not risk meeting her again. My path and her's lie in different directions and woe to her or any one else who comes in my way!"

Her conduct was uncharitable and indefensible, but she was the slave of pride. Her's was a religion of heartlessness, and, instead of interesting herself in her sister's condition and doing what lay in her power to alleviate it, she, by a few infamous words, pregnant with meaning and calculated to deprive her of her means of subsistence, sought to consign her to a still lower depth of suffering.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNDER THE MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Under the moon my lady sits,
Out on the lawn in her rustic chair,
And I, entranced, at her feet I lie
And toy with the braids of her silken hair;
O, her musical voice is soft and low,
And when she utters the words, "mine own,"
They fall like the ripple of waters sweet,
And soothing and soft on my ear alone.

No, not alone, though no human voice
Or being of either sex is near,
On yonder fence, with a sudden bound
Six cats of various sorts appear!
At such a time and in such a place!
O, I wish some neighbor would shoot them dead,
For their wild, infernal jamborree
Is far too much for my poor weak head!

J. H. B.

AN ATTACK OF HYDROPHOBIA

As Experienced by Tom Twain.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Shortly after getting through the fall campaign of 1860, I declined politics altogether, in favor of my brother, Mark—who I have heard is editor, or roller boy, or something, on some respectable newspaper out in Illinois. When we were both in Missouri they made him Governor, or Steamboat Runner, or ran him for the Legislature, or out of the Legislature—I don't clearly remember which—anyhow, they ran him.

That was a very exciting election. I shall never forget it. We had been busy as bees all day, me and the inspectors, trying to get the vote of Pokerville up to something like a respectable figure, and, having put half of the able inhabitants through the multiplication table, as practiced in the theatres—namely, putting fresh clothes on a belligerent army, and marching 'em on again as a continuation of the same procession—I felt tolerably certain of being elected, (my ambish' was the State House Doorkeep'r,) when the approach of my rival, Colonel Squilgee, with a crowd of snaggle-toothed, bleary-eyed, broken-nose roughs from the next county, their pockets bulging out with votes, and their eyes with bad whiskey, defeated my hopes and prostrated me, metaphorically, in the dust.

Napoleon wished for night or Blucher; here it was nearly night, and about forty fellers in bluchers were stamping up to the polls, with a brand new silk banger, inscribed in great gold letters, "We air onto it!"—(some of Squill's grammar, not mine.) Could the issue be doubted? I fled the field!

Next morning I woke up somewhere about ten or eleven in a strange apartment. By the washstand, chair and placard of regulations I recognised it as the bedroom of the County Hotel.

But I didn't think much over particulars then—nor, in fact, over anything. The first object that caught my attention was the water pitcher—an antiquated machine without spout or handle.

All at once a fearful shudder ran through my veins. I experienced all the torture of knowing that I was dry—fearfully dry, with the most terrible repugnance to cold water.

Then I knew that I had the hydrophoby!

Some years before, at that identical hour, I recollected having had a playful wrestle with our old house dog, Mose, when he took a notion to go mad and run away at a two-forty lick, to get as far off as possible, I suppose, from the county ditch, and next morning, rising, as usual, I drank a tumbler of water on the mantel piece and immediately rushed off with my mouth in a foam—like Mose. I had swallowed a hair of the dog!

Again my eyes encountered the water pitcher. Again I shuddered. This time I launched one of my boots at the obnoxious vehicle. It fell on the floor and broke. The first paroxysm was over!

When I came to, Joe Jinks, the boots, was standing beside me with a devilish grin on his face. He said I was *beside myself*, and guessed a glass of cold water wouldn't go bad. I knocked from his hand the detested offering, and he may be thankful he didn't go the way of the water pitcher.

At this juncture Dr. Sawyer, a friend in the medical line, who had a great deal of business when he could get it to do, came up to me with a large syringe and a box of blue mass.

The syringe had a worse effect onto me than the pitcher, for I recollected that it came very near being my hated rival's name. Sawyer felt my pulse. "You want first, a drink of cold water."

My sufferings were terrible. He had extended a tumbler to me. Surely it was Sawyer; I grasped it and tried to swallow—but I couldn't. I gagged, but it was no go!

"Doctor!" I exclaimed in the tallest kind of agony, "must I die thus?"

Then I related to him the incident of the hair.

"I see," he said, "but water you must get accustomed to in some shape, even though I have to mix it in gin bitters and hire two men to force it into you."

A hollow gurgle came from my throat and a serene smile broke over my visage.

"Doctor," I said, "I will take the prescription—I will be calm!"

"In this shape it requires money, and you are——"

I directed his attention to the collapsed pitcher on the floor.

"This is serious," he said; but he rang the bell and a bottle of something was brought up on a handsome square wrapper.

I am happy to say that this stayed down, and I had no paroxysms for quite a spell. Sawyer was in a great hurry, but friendship induced him to break through his standing rule. He remained with me to administer the doses. He did more. He took one every time himself, to encourage me.

One P. M.—I had a slight shake again, which I attributed to the water, and, the Doc. agreeing with me, thought it might be safe to do without it. We went it plain and I felt my strength returning. But it was no easy matter to cure so stubborn a case as this case of schnapps—I mean of hydrophoby.

Again and again I repeated the prescription, until, at last, in about three hours from the first attack, I was able to get up and mix my own drink.

I have seen so much in the papers lately about the hydrophoby that I have been impelled to lay this personal experience before the public.

The Doc's prescription cured me, but I have never been able to swallow water without gin in it since.

T. TWAIN.

Ask Mark if it isn't so.

DIDDY SAM IV.—"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Yes, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and I was on my head all the while."

WOMEN IN CHINA are subjected to three obediences 1st. Before marriage she must obey her parents. 2d. After marriage she must obey her husband. 3d. After the death of her husband she must obey her eldest son. Such is the teaching of the Chinese classics.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

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Box 5,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ Correspondents, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the Clipper, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

G. and G., Brooklyn.—"A, B, C and D are playing a game of euchre; A deals the cards, turns up the trump, and, after all hands pass, turns it down. B passes the making of it and C makes it a diamond and goes it alone. D says he will go it alone against him, and C, making but three tricks, claimed four points. Finding it would not be given, he (C) claimed two points, contending that he had euchred D, as D made but two tricks; and he (C) offered to bet B that he had euchred D, which B denied, on the grounds that a man could not be euchred who did not make the trump, and a scramble for the bet, offering to leave it with any good euchre player to decide, but that he (C) would not do. Knowing that you were the best authority on cards, we have concluded to leave it to you; our decision:—C, having made the trump, thereby assumes its responsibility, which gives him the privilege of going alone. D had no right to go alone; C, having secured three tricks, can only score one point thereby. D could not be euchred, as he had not made the trump.

Nassau, New York.—1. Rise early and sponge the body all over with cold water, after which take a brisk walk of two or three miles before breakfast, increasing the distance daily. Use the dumb-bells and clubs regularly every day, commencing with 15 minutes' exercise and gradually lengthening the time daily, but ceasing as soon as the slightest symptoms of fatigue are felt. In the afternoon take a brisk pedestrian exercise, for there is no better or healthier, and get as much rowing practice as possible. Wallace contains an admirable treatise on training. You can get it of Professor Clark, care of this office; price, $2 50.

Rip, Cambridge City.—1. Mace beat Sam Hurst and won the belt; Tom King afterward beat Mace and won it, but subsequently gave it up, declining to meet Mace again, the latter claiming. Wormaid and Marsden afterwards fought for it, Wormaid winning, but he forfeited to Mace, who again claimed the trophy. 2. Tom Cribb was born at Hanham, Gloucestershire, July 8, 1771. He beat Maddox, Tom Blake, Ikey Pig, Richmond, Jem Belcher (twice), Horton, Gregson, Molineux (twice) and Carter (room turn-up), and was beaten by George Nicholls. 3. Cribb was considered a better man.

Bro. & Co., Philad'a.—1. In a four handed game of euchre, the player who takes the responsibility of the trump can go alone, and he only. 2. The player who orders it up can go alone. 3. When a lone hand is euchred the adversaries score two points therefor. 4. Unless a special agreement is made to the contrary, only one player can go alone and score four points in the event of his securing all five tricks.

Vera, Boston, Mass.—1. Geo. Seddons was born in Leicester, Eng., May, 1847. 2. There is no one of prominence. 3. No. 4. He is engaged at Fulton Market, this city. 5. Ethel Norman is in this city, having retired from the stage, at least for the present. It is said that Lamburger and Noah were contemporaries. 7. We have a correspondent in your city. 8. Probably.

Bungey, Georgetown, S. C.—1. Cash received. 2. Dexter is a trotter and not a pacer; he has made the fastest trotting time on record. 3. Governor's Island belongs neither to Brooklyn nor Manhattan; it belongs to the United States government. 3. Tom Devyr is not playing with any base ball club; he is engaged in the liquor business in New York to greater in length than Brooklyn.

J. J. C., Boston.—"A beats B that Liverpool, in England, is not a city. Who wins?"..... In England, a borough town corporate, which is or has been the seat of a bishop or the capital of a see, is the only one to which the title of a city is applied. Therefore, in the English acceptation of the term, Liverpool is not a city, and the party who bet that Liverpool in England is not a city, wins.

Big Hoss.—1. We understand that Dick Hollywood will shortly arrive in this city. He was in Chicago when last heard from. 2. The report that Jim Wheeler and "Jimmy" Pike had a turn-up lately, is incorrect. The altercation between them arose out of an offensive remark made by the latter about a young man named Douglas, who was in the party, at Vallmer's, but they did not come to blows.

J. B. A., Milwaukee, Wis.—The Ward Brothers and the Paris crew, on the 4th of July, in a trial of their fours, one only, the latter winning. In 1867, the Wards defeated a four from St. John, known as the "Morris crew." Both races took place at Springfield, Mass.

Brown, Philadelphia.—1. James Fisk was born at Pownal, Vt., April 1, 1835. 2. Matilda Heron was born in Londonderry, Ireland. 3. Mrs. Catharine Sinclair Forrest made her first appearance in your city, March 22, 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Lady Townley.

J. D., Marblehead, Mass.—1. Tim Collins defeated Joe Rent, Pickel, Jesse Hutton's Spider, Cronin, Jem Rawlins and Bill Gillam Parker); was beaten by Jerry Hawes and Foran, and fought a draw with Dackham. 2. His challenge to any 120lbs man in the country remains open, no one having covered his money. 3. We cannot furnish you with a copy.

A Matter of Fact.—1. If you charge for admission you must take out a license, if you intend giving only one performance. 2. Any Revenue Collector. 3. We would publish a brief notice of the entertainment. 4. Of W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place. 5. See our advertising columns for wig makers' address.

C. W. A., Augusta, Ga.—1. No; it is understood, although not expressed, that A's cock can beat any cock of the same weight, or within the stipulations of it. 2. There is no difference in the second and third challenge; the word cock is understood in the second, but is expressed in the third.

W. H. F. Lenoir, Caldwell county, N. C.—The value of cards at twenty deck poker is similar to that in draw poker. Four aces beat four kings, a full beats a flush, a flush three of a kind, a straight two pairs, and so on. A straight flush does not count more than a flush unless specially agreed upon.

Little Bob, Baltimore.—1. There were six originally; five are now traveling together, but William does not perform. 2. Plan was in this city lately, idle. 3. They are three youngsters adopted in England by the brothers.

Young America, Washington, D. C.—The time made by Dexter in his match with Ethan Allen (not Lady Thorn) and running mate, Fashion Course, L. I., June 21, 1868, was as follows:—1st heat (unofficial) 2 30 (official), 2 18¾.

S. R.—In the contest which took place at Irving Hall a couple of years ago, for a gold medal and the championship, Ed. Russell proved the successful competitor. Some people consider him superior to you nowadays.

Star, Wheeling, West Va.—1. Bryant, Stratton and Packard, 937 Broadway, this city. 2. You could obtain good board in a second class hotel in this city for $10 a week. 3. We know nothing about the matter in Pittsburgh.

H. C. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—Bob Brettle defeated Jim Mace in 2 rounds, 3 minutes, Ross s of Medway, Eng., Sept. 21, 1854. Mace resumed the conflict on Sept. 9th and, 1855, the fight lasting 19 minutes, during which 11 rounds were fought.

Baltz, Oakendean.—Can the young 'un keep mounted on his young 'oss yet? The senior 'urrell can, eh? A. B. says it's all right and race for hats; he'll go it again and double the stakes, E. Jenner, stakeholder. Sham pain all round.

J. L. M.—"A bets there are more than thirty electors in N. Y. State. B bets there are not. Which is right?".....There are 33 Congressional Districts in New York State and one elector to each district.

R. L., Troy, N. Y.—We hear that the boat in which Brown defeated Wm Fadier and which formerly belonged to James Renforth, champion of England, is now on exhibition at Daniels' billiard rooms, Boston.

J. D., Elizabeth, N. J.—1. Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the morning of Feb 25th, 1855. 2. The ball entered his heart. 3. Stanwix Hall was located on Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.

Syracusan.—Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald never fought, as opponents, anywhere but at Lyniield, Mass., either in or out of the ring.

J. C. G., Springfield.—Billy Emersen and Billy Arlington did occupy the ends with Newcomb's Minstrels. They were together just three years ago in the west.

San.—1. Edwin Booth was born 9th November, 1833. 2. It is estimated that there were between 20,000 and 25,000 present. 3. It was not a misprint; that is his age.

C. C. C., Baltimore.—1. The five persons so represented are brothers. 2. Master Barney and Dick Carroll. 3. Lotta is the best. 4. See last week's foreign summary.

Metropolis, Boston.—As each needed two points to go out, A, making low, Jack, ten, because the point for game is always the last one taken.

Terre Haute.—There is no work published containing the information you require. The best work on trotting is Hiram Woodruff's, published by J. W. Ford, Printing House Square, New York.

O. P. K., England.—Caller Ou won the St. Leger, in 1861, in 3:14, the fastest time on record. The distance is 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards.

Olympic, Washington.—1. No. 2. Sweasy, Pike, Crane, Beach, Fahly and Goldsmith. 3. We believe the Marylands still hold that title.

Agate, Louisville.—Request Mr. Boggs to send the money direct to this office as we have no outside agents for collecting money for advertisements.

Base Ball, Washington.—Mincher, of the Marylands, is the better outfielder. Finkham's strength is in being a first class pitcher, which makes him very much lighter in the market than the former.

G. & C., Virginia City, Nevada.—1. Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," beat Tom Paddock, Dec. 17, 1850 (foul blow). 2. Paddock defeated Aaron Jones twice.

Jake S., New York.—You lose your bet, for the blind or miss at three card loo is not obliged to lead, unless the player taking it is the first player to the left of the dealer.

J. B. A., Reynolds, M.—Send a deposit to this office if you wish your challenge inserted. It is very doubtful, however, if it would be accepted, as the terms are not fair.

W. L., Pottsville, Pa.—The time made by Dexter in his race with Ethan Allen and running mate does not go upon record, as he did not win.

J. A. C., Oneida, N. Y.—1. Aaron was the victor in his second fight with Collyer. 2. Collyer is the present light-weight champion.

H. B. Tallmadge, O.—We do not remember the name of the party sending us the information; beside s, we never divulge the names of correspondents.

Ralph L., Hubbard, O.—Jim Mace and Mike Madden were matched twice, but they did not fight, the former forfeiting upon each occasion.

W. D., Newark, N. J.—1. No; they fought at Spy Pond, near Boston. 2. Hyer and Sullivan fought at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md. 3. The fight between Coburn and Price ended in a draw.

Frank, Boston.—Sims Reeves was born in Woodstock, Eng., in 1821. First appeared on the stage in 1839, in Newcastle, in a burletone part.

Nig Hawley.—1. Thomas and Nellie. 2. From ten to twenty dollars a week and their board. 3. Make application to some minstrel manager for a chance to distinguish yourself.

J. H. K., Boston.—1. The Lydia Thompson Troupe will probably play in your city late in February. 2. Elise Holt will visit your city before the season closes.

Horsey, Boston.—1. Lucille Western was married to James Mead. It was Helen that married James Herne. 2. Lizzie Kelsey came from England.

Serpentine, Bridgeport.—The lady has not been divorced. She came from Australia. At present residing in this city, disengaged.

Bay State.—B, being at six points and turning up Jack wins, as the point therefor may be taken at once, while those for high, low may not be taken until the hand is played out.

C. De L., San Francisco, Cal.—Thank you; but you will have seen a brief account, with full tabular statement, of the Dion-Deery match in our issue of a fortnight since.

A. B. and F. C.—There was no representative of the Clipper present at the ball mentioned, and no such article appeared in our columns.

Courvoe.—Jem Ward was born Dec. 25th, 1801, and was alive and well at last advices. He arrived in this country June 28th, 1858, and returned to England Oct. 2d, same year.

J. B. E., Richmond.—1. You are the only correspondent we have in Richmond. 2. We do not "notice" the company you write about.

C. L. P., Winona, Minn.—B had the right to claim a shuffle, but after C, whose proper place it was, had cut them to the dealer B could claim the privilege of cutting them again.

Syracusan, Kingston, N. Y.—Collyer and Aaron were opponents twice, the first fight taking place June 20, 1868, and the second June 15, 1867. Sam won the first and Barney the last.

M. V. S., Pennington, N. J.—We do not know any place where they can be procured ready made. Any shoemaker can make a pair, however.

T. E. C., Baltimore.—B is right. After A had taken a card from the table, and knocked, all the players around to the satisfied party have the privilege of one more draw, when the hands are shown.

Dramatic, Cincinnati.—1. You would not have to obtain the author's permission to dramatize a story. 2. It is a good business hand.

F. A. N.—"Does Jack, king, queen and ace count three or four in euchre?".....Three.

M. L.—Not in book form, we believe. At all events they are hard to get, having been so long out of print.

Base Ball, Central Falls.—1. We believe the lady transacts her business honestly. 2. American News Co., New York.

Dan Thompson, Baltimore.—Yes, we think so, as good mechanics are always wanted out there.

Howard, Philadelphia.—We never heard of a minstrel performer by that name.

J. K. Y.—1. Lizzie is about thirty years of age. 2. She has been married, but is not living with her husband.

J. A. G., Hartford, Conn.—Thank you for the offer. We will be pleased to hear from you whenever anything of interest transpires.

E. M., Woonsocket.—The bird having been hit with a stick while being gathered, is a lost bird.

Frank C. G., Fort Monroe, Va.—Shall be pleased to be kept posted promptly at your convenience. Thank you.

Badger Higgins.—1. C. Mills and Allison are about equal. 2. Billy Birch is considered one of the best in the profession.

C. Q.—There is no reliable record of the fastest time for those distances in this country.

Constant Reader, Frederick, Md.—Lennon is the better catcher of the two mentioned.

J. W. M.—The same idea was worked up in a poem published by us some time ago.

Ophyer, Chicago.—You are wrong, and the landlord is right in crediting you with four and not eight drinks.

L. C., Toledo.—C is wrong, for if he gives B three for the pitch, when B only wants one point, it puts the latter out.

Bogolish, Bangor, Me.—D. loses his bet, for 17 did win the money.

Eph.—Jules Stratton has retired from the profession and is in the mercantile business in this city.

Frank, Nashville.—Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city.

South Brooklyn.—The fight not coming off, owing to one dog paying forfeit, all bets are off.

Frank, Philadelphia.—You can procure them of Dick and Fitzgerald, publishers, Ann street, this city.

D. O. K.—Barney Aaron was born July 27, 1826, at Aldgate, London, Eng.

J. M., New Orleans, La.—The handwriting is too familiar to deceive—consequently we decline to insert.

Syracuse.—Wormald and O'Baldwin never fought together but once—at Lyniield, Mass.

E. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—Hyer and Sullivan fought at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 7th, 1849.

Inquirer, Chicago.—We cannot inform you to whom the article has reference.

J. J. F., Washington, D. C.—Hamill's three mile time, 22:27, is the fastest.

J. D. B., New Haven, Ct.—The Jimmy Welsh now residing in your city is not the same who was one of Hayer's seconds.

Wm. F. Johnston, Pittsburgh.—1. His office is at 39 East Nineteenth street. 2. Yes.

E. A. Baker, Gloversville, N. Y.—1. The agent's office is at Pier 42, N. R. 2. Not always the same.

W. H. M., New Orleans.—We do not know anything about the antecedents of the gentleman you mention.

Enquirer, Philadelphia.—The San Francisco Minstrels, of this city.

J. D. McF., Williamsburgh.—No one can trouble you for singing it.

W. S. R., Boston.—1. Both of the ladies you mention are widows. 2. We know nothing about their marital relations.

East Saginaw.—Your friend could not have seen such an item, as Mr. Emerson has not been in Brooklyn for some time.

Fred Cox, Russell square.—The brooch when broached caused no breech of the peace, but much to the contrary.

J. W. Williams.—Ans 8, 4, 2 and 3, with a 2 turned up, count 12; 4 by fifteens; 2 by pairs; and 6 by sequences.

J. W. C., Chicago, Ill.—Obliged to you for items, and will be pleased to hear from you whenever convenient.

Harper.—The great at Harpers' Publishing House, in Pearl st., occurred Dec 10, 1853.

Tangle Leg, Ithaca.—The St. John is a longer boat than the New World.

L. C., Toledo.—C is ignorant of the game. The 3 points he gives B for the pitch puts B out.

Sinbad, New Orleans.—1. Eliza is not married. 2. Lydia is a widow.

Pat Shay, Washington.—That is his right name, and he was born in Philadelphia.

Napa, Cal.—Ida Vernon has played in many of the principal cities south and west.

L. J., Chicago.—Lady Thorn trotted a mile at Narragansett Park in 2:18¾.

Paxton, Harrisburg.—1. A is entitled to a sequence of 4. 2. D takes 5, 8 for sequence and 2 for 31.

January.—1. Gold never reached $90 during the war. 3. The highest point it sold at was 286.

H. S. Leroy.—The player must hold high and low to win the game, his opponent being six.

Layton and Brown.—In case of a tie at dominoes there is no count.

A. W. L., New York.—A is right. At the block game of dominoes, A must play, if he can, without drawing.

O. N. F.—We know nothing whatever of the stallion you inquire about.

Geo. E. Douglass, Charleston, Mo.—Courtway's subscription received and papers sent. Smith's not yet been heard of.

J. B., Pittsburgh.—Our opinion is that no player can go alone when a partner offers to assist.

J. J. G., Buffalo.—Those last sent are an improvement, and one, if not both, will have an early insertion.

A. T. K., Washington.—We cannot inform you how soon the troupe will appear in your city.

Y., Evansville.—A Clipper will be sent you each week to the post office.

J. E. H., Pittsburgh.—If you mail your letters on Saturday morning they will reach us in time.

Constant Reader, Syracuse.—A, in taking three tricks, merely euchres his adversary, as scores two points therefor.

R. L., Cincinnati, O.—McCoole weighed about 190lbs. when he beat Aaron Jones.

H. B. F., Washington.—We are unable to inform you. Inquire of your bookseller.

Petrea, Williamsburg.—Pfau is alive and was in this city a few weeks ago, idle.

W. W. W., Philadelphia.—Address Harvey Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. H. S.—Accepted, and will shortly appear.

"J. H. B."—Received, with thanks.

Mack, Evansville, Ind.—Items of interest are always acceptable.

M. B., St. Louis.—Not at present.

Thorn, Rockford, Ill.—We do not need any one just now.

T. K.—Received, and will have an early perusal.

A. W. F.—Accepted.

"The Girl in Calico"—Respectfully declined.

T. B., Chicago.—We have not any left.

A. and M.—Payers never fought Tom King.

James Hughes, London, Eng.—Books forwarded as per request.

A. W., Springfield.—Cannot give you the desired information.

S. R. J., Brooklyn.—You lose your bet, for the man had $5.

Moss, Troy, N. Y.—Too late.

Pierro, Albany.—Have written to Mr. Barnes.

Curr, Louisville.—We have a correspondent in your city.

Walter, Washington.—Twenty-seven and sister to Lizzie.

Mc., Logansport.—The elder Booth was born in London.

Albany.—Such bets are declared off.

X. Y. Z.—Three points.

J. H. H., St. Louis.—Maggie is past 32 years of age.

Frank, Buffalo.—All right.

R. Righton.—Respectfully declined.

C. C. H., St. Louis.—See answer above to W. H. F. Lenoir.

J. H. S., Springfield, Ill.—We are unable to inform you.

J. S. K., Elmira.—Thank you; news always welcome.

Novice, Washington.—"Mercy" has not been acted in this city.

W. G., Hamilton.—Not at present.

C. B. S., Louisville.—The Clipper was first issued in April, 1853.

Rosario, Montreal.—It will cost 75c. a week.

Oscar.—Not just now.

Robert, Pittsburgh.—What do you mean by three cards flush?

J. Wess, Chicago.—Respectfully declined.

J. D. F., New York.—See answer to Harper, above.

A LITTLE CHURCH TALK.

Seeing that some of the churches are being put on a level with theatres and other places of amusement in the way of charging so much per head for seats, and disposing of reserved pews at a big premium, we have concluded to take them under our protecting influence and occasionally point out to them the error of their ways. Our text for the current week shall be on a subject which concerns every church-goer, or, at least, every church-goer who desires to hear and digest the droppings that fall from the ministerial pulpit. And, to begin at the beginning, let us ask, in all Christian charity, can any person point out a more foolish custom of church society than the getting out of one or two or three gentlemen to allow a lady to sit in the back part of a pew? Very many of our customs, when reduced to the standard of common sense, are extremely nonsensical; but, for uselessness and absurdity, this excels. It is a relic of old savage times. When the early settlers of our country came armed to church, to protect themselves and their families against the family of Mr. Lo, who were apt to be prowling around like the roaring lion mentioned in Scripture, *then* the men sate at the pew doors, so as to have their weapons near, and be ready to sally forth instantly. But, Mr. Lo and his family being now several thousand miles away, hunting buffalo and Pacific railroad trains, the custom he was the means of introducing should depart also. The back seat in a pew is not a whit more comfortable than the front, neither is the hearing nor the seeing—which last is a very important item in most ladies' devotions—any better. Nay more, the getting out of a pew, from its want of width, compels a sort of state prison shuffle, in which, as the number of convicts who frequent churches is very limited, it is to be supposed the performer is not practised. And if there are more than one coming out at once this unwonted mode of progression sometimes occasions accidents and collisions, which disturb the gravity of the younger portion of the spectators and prevent their deriving much benefit from the exercises, whereby the practice is a positive injury to religion. Take an example, one which has caused the writing of this protest.

The church (it is one of our fashionable ones) is fast filling up; the air of solemnity which pervades the place disposes all to sobriety and to silence. In a pew in the middle aisle sit four gentlemen, strangers, placed there by the sexton. They are, too, serious and devotional. But, sailing down the aisle, comes a damsel, beautiful as an army with banners. Then the stout gentleman and the thin gentleman and the tall gentleman and the short gentleman arise, and, facing to the right, march forth into the aisle, but, not one of them being a graduate of Sing Sing, they "interfere" and lose step. And, consequently, the tall gentleman puts his muddy boots—long, like himself—upon the stout gentleman's light pantaloons, which causes him of the corporation to drop his hat, which he regains with difficulty, by reason of his physical conformation. But, having all got out, the lady enters, and then, in reverse order—the first last and the last first—they all resume their seats and the edifying ceremony is complete. But other trials are in store for the martyrs to politeness. The time for prayer has come, and a lady stands at the door—a lady of thirteen, or, by our Lady, fourteen stone in weight. Two of our friends have their heads down and are absorbed in devotional feelings, and it requires a considerable punching from the others to awake them to a sense of their situation. Then they spring hurriedly up and again take up their line of march for the aisle, but, being confused, their keeping step is worse than before, and the short gentleman, stumbling over the heels of the tall gentleman, places his nasal organ in somewhat violent contact with the small of that gentleman's back. Hark! was that an oath? Verily, it sounded like the expression of a profane man when in a passion. Where now are the short gentleman's devotional feelings? All the thoughts of his lost condition are washed away by the flood of tears which pour into his eyes; his spiritual nature is prostrate and the "old man" rides rampant over it. That gentleman will get no great good from his morning's sermon, to a surity.

But the measure of their misery is not yet full. Two of the party have left their beavers in the pew, and the stout lady, as she advances up the pew, sweeps one to the floor and puts her foot in it, and sits upon the other.

Oh, good friend, you can poke the sides of that hat out as much as you please—that hat is done for! Put 175 pounds on any hat and away it goes, and if you don't wish to always look as though, in a row of vinous hilarity, you had "butted heads" with a lamp post, some body will be ten dollars richer and you ten dollars poorer to morrow. Candidly, we ask you, pious friend, is not this getting out of a pew to let a lady in an awkward and undevotional practice? You formerly were inclined toward prayer, now you have a strong desire to swear, which would be wicked but natural, for ten dollar hats were not made for stout ladies to sit upon.

And you, young lady, who but now looked as serious as any young lady should look in church, you can't help laughing at the comically tender way in which the short gentleman fingers his proboscis, neither can the young lady opposite, and we appeal to you to know if the practice is not an idiotic one; and we further appeal, *feelingly*, to the public on the subject, for experience teaches what it is to have a stout female's weight upon our hat.

Fig Leaf Costumes.—Jennie Collins, in a letter to the *Revolution*, setting forth the wrongs of New England factory girls generally, and the operatives for the Cocheco Company particularly, writes thusly:—"The working women have the platform and tongues to use, and no man now dares to come into an orderly meeting and read the riot act. We working women *will wear fig leaf dresses* before we will patronize the Cocheco Company." Now, the aforesaid company are manufacturers of calicoes, which are so universally worn by ladies belonging to the class of which Jennie Collins is supposed to be a member (and well they look in it too), and as calico is supposed to be the cheapest as well as best adapted fabric for such costumes, and fig trees are not indigenous to the soil of New England, it requires a not very vivid imagination to picture the kind of dress these ladies must wear if they persist in withholding their patronage from the "bloated Cocheco Company." It would certainly be more "airy" than graceful. Either the company or Jennie and her friends must "back down," or the people of New England will soon know whether "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." No doubt, it would be most "adored" when least "adorned."

A Poor Chinaman was recently arrested and imprisoned for stabbing a boy who, with others, had been taunting him and otherwise annoying him. The Chinaman was quietly selling segars from a little stand in the street, endeavoring to procure a livelihood in the pursuits of an humble and honest calling, when these boys began playing their pranks upon him, and in a moment of passion he was driven to the use of the knife. In speaking a word in favor of the stranger we do not wish to be understood as encouraging the use of the knife, which is the farthest from our purpose; but to call the attention of the police to the repeated insults and assaults to which the Chinese venders of segars are constantly subjected at the hands of half-grown boys, who think it fine sport to abuse these poor creatures, frequently upsetting their stands in the gutter, and, in many instances, robbing them of that which they depend upon for a subsistence. While we are doing so much for the negro, let us have a little sympathy, at least, for the poor Chinamen in our midst.

Upheaval.—"They say" that we are shortly to witness a great upheaval of the government of this city; that our representatives in Albany are perfecting certain plans by which the ins will be put out, and those who have long been out in the cold will be taken in, fed, warmed and otherwise cared for. It is even said that the Excise Law is to be thrown overboard, and that a thirsty wayfarer will be enabled to take his tansy at all hours of the night and day, without fear or favor. So stand by to see the bear dance.

Another Breach.—The Rev. D. W. Thurston has been expelled from the Free Methodists, or "Nazarites," for teaching "erroneous doctrines." He is accused of saying that "women may wear flowers and ribbons on their hats; the Bible does not forbid it, and therefore the church should not." Guess he'll soon be able to start a church on his own hook. Surely the ladies will stand by the "dominie" who openly advocates their right to wear flowers and feathers. They ought to, any how.

More Spirit Wanted.—Massachusetts churchmen declare that things are "going to the bad" in that state, and complain that there is no warm "spirit" being manifested. Perhaps they have a Maine law in Massachusetts, and have to take their "spirits" on the sly—If so, that accounts for its being cold. Let them adulterate the "spirit" with a sufficient quantity of hot water and spice and they'll probably find it warm enough.

Our Pious Contemporary, the *Independent*, says:—"The pen is the lever that moves the world, and the ink roller of the printing press the battering ram that smites into the dust the walls of ignorance." The *Independent* ought to, and perhaps does, know; but in all piety let us ask, of how much use would the pen and the roller be if there was no "devil?"

Another Monument.—The *Montgomery Mail* wants to know whether it were better that the debt of the United States, "stained with fratricidal gore, should be repudiated and hidden forever from sight, or be funded and so become a monument of the shame and ruin of the people." The "bloated bondholders" go in for the monument.

Miss E. T. Howard, the western lecturess, is reported to have said in a late speech:—"When woman has a vote, marriage, which is but another name for legalized prostitution, will not be possible." It is but fair to say that the fair Edine denies the fairness of the report—but the report-er asserts that the report is a fair report of the fair speaker's language.

Hungry Editors.—An exchange says that "there is an association of editors in Indiana which meets at dinner once a month." Wonder if they don't dine dead head at the expense of some hotel proprietor? and the question also arises, is that the only square meal the poor devils get during thirty days?

No Go.—Evidently pleased with his ministrations, the members of Plymouth Church recently decided to increase their pastor's salary to $20,000, but Mr. Beecher, strange as it may appear, declined the legal tender. Evidently Henry does not consider "the laborer worthy of his higher" salary.

The Japanese Government has ratified a treaty which forbids foreigners trading in any *un-opened port*. This rule is violated by foreigners in this country daily; an *un*-opened is soon converted into *opened* port. We guess this is only a *port whine* on the part of our Japanese friends.

Let us Pray.—A Congressional prayer meeting has been started by Rev. Dr. Newman, chaplain of the U. S. Senate. We thought there was preying enough going on there by the old parties, without any fresh efforts being made in that line by a *new man*.

Raids have recently been made on the gambling establishments of Boston and New Orleans. Occasionally we witness something of the kind in this city. Are these demonstrative raids on the gamblers intended as *pay* raids?

Judge Ware, of Lewis ton, Me., who is eighty-one years old, has forty-nine grand-children and thirty-one great-grand-children. The Judge seems to have dealt principally in *small* Ware, in which he is evidently *some* Ware.

Peck and Snyder, the old established dealers in Base Ball outfits, 22 Ann street, New York, are on deck again with their catalogues and lists for the coming season. Clubs are referred to their card in another column.

The Women's Suffrage Women, in England, publish a paper under the title of *The Home*. We hope that they will make it sufficiently attractive to cause the women to be attractive to their *Home*.

There is an old agage which says:—"Where there's a will there's a way." On reading this "Our Jim" made the sage remark that there must be a great many different ways in our Surrogate's court.

In the Stocks.—It is said that "the Duke of Edinburgh has made $1,000,000 in stock speculation." Double that amount is frequently made on Wall street in stock peculation.

The Americans in Jerusalem are said to have secured a site for a Protestant church. Is it any ways *near* sited?

Pope's Essay on Man—latest edition—the Ecumenical Council, perhaps.

Motto for Resurrectionists:—A buried in the hand's worth two in the bush.

The Cercle Francais De L'Harmonie give their fifth annual *bal masque* on the 26th inst. The former balls of the *cercle* have been *recherche* and enjoyable. The same programme will secure success this season, notwithstanding the sensation of the Ko-Ko-Ri-Ko quadrille and the carnival groups *De Cvssoparsopoiras*.

Turned Publican.—The well known trainer, Bob Smith, side-partner of Dooney Harris, has re-opened the saloon formerly "engineered" by Prof. Clark, at 209 Mercer street, between Bleecker and Amity, recently destroyed by fire. See advertisement in another column.

The Second Annual Coggey Association Ball is dated for Feb. 1st, at the National Rooms, in West Forty-fourth street. We thank them for a complimentary invitation to be there.

Mr. Charles C. Sawyer gives a reception and fancy dress *bal masque* at his rooms on the evening of Wednesday, the 26th inst. We are in receipt of a passport of admission.

Squibs and Things.

— A mammoth wild cat, weighing 45 lbs., and being 5 ft. long, was killed at Kenny, Ct., a few days ago, after a short fight with hounds, during which three of the latter were killed. He made a leap fifteen feet high after being shot. The place was well named for the deed, but we hope there is no killing lie in the statement of the wild catastrophe.

— A black boy, of Red Hook, N. Y., recently sold a dressed cat for a rabbit to a Mr. Brizee, of that place, and the delectable morsel was cooked and eaten by the family, but afterward the cheat was discovered and the smoke was sent to prison for the offence. The dish didn't prove to be such a *rare bit* as had been anticipated.

— A city newspaper thus gives a pen portrait of the Hon. John Morrissey:—He "can be known by his stout yet compact figure, the perfect propriety of his appearance and his decorous *silence*. He has evidently had his fill of 'mills' and 'bouts,' and is willing to rest on his laurels, his 'green baize.'" Good for them boys.

— A number of capitalists are about building a railroad from Hell Gate (Astoria), to Flushing. Its a good sign to see men of wealth smoothing the way from the "gate of perdition." Hope they may be "flush" enough to succeed in the undertaking.

— A posse of the state constabulary made a descent upon four of the principal gambling houses in Boston, on Court, Howard and Brattle street, on the night of the 18th inst., and arrested eighty-seven persons, including the proprietors. They also seized the gaming implements and all the furniture on the prem ses.

— An English Bishop querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. "Well, my lord," said the good fellow, "you are going to a better place." "John," replied the prelate, with an air of conviction, "there's no place like Old England!"

— An editor "out west" wants Congress—in view of the many murders committed through jealousy—to pass a law against it, making it a crime, with punishment of death for the first offence, and, for the second, imprisonment for life.

— A Mississippi editor having recently married, a brother of the quill thus wishes him joy:—"May his father-in-law die rich, and enable poor Stevens to retire from the printing business and set up a cake shop at a railway station."

— The Society of Friends has paid to the U. S. Government over $400,000 for exemption from military service. The Secretary of War proposes that this sum be appropriated to the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteers. A good idea.

— Dr. Landis was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and a fine of $500, in Philadelphia, on the 22d inst., for publishing obscene libels. T. L. Scroggy, a bookseller, was sentenced to a like punishment for dealing in lewd works.

— A western editor says he never slights a thing because it's small—not even "a straw, if it has a sherry cobbler at the end of it." Perhaps the editor pays too much attention to that kind of straw. It's an editorial failing, we are told.

— Philadelphia has fifty large shoe manufacturers whose yearly sales amount to between seven and eight millions of dollars; employing about five hundred workmen, whose wages are about $500,000.

— The Oneida community has established a co-operative washing association. It is to be hoped that the members will keep themselves clean. Now why don't some one get up a co-operative sleeping and eating concern?

— Prof. A. J. Abell, in a late lecture, said if two herrings were allowed to preserve their spawn for three years undisturbed in the ocean, it would cease to be navigable from the number of herrings in the pond.

— The "profits" of the Massachusetts whaling fleet for the past year foot up a "loss" of $200,000. At that rate how long will it be before the stockholders are enabled to "retire" from active business pursuits?

— At Birmingham, England, the tenth Annual Dog Show was lately held. There were thousands of the canine species exhibited, valued at $100 and upwards. One of them was sold for $2,250 in gold.

— The recently elected Secretary of State of Mississippi—Rev. James Lynch—belongs to the "man and brother" fraternity, and is besides a presiding elder in the Mississippi Methodist Conference.

— A Russian princess has fallen in love with an Italian actor at St. Petersburgh, and the Czar has packed him off to warmer climes. Warmer climes will increase the warmth of his affection, we presume.

— A landlord "out west" advertises a ball and supper, at $2 a head. "The dancing will embrace every known style and continue twelve hours." He means to give his patrons their money's worth.

— Two men named Isaac Bigford and Isaac Verrill were drowned at Fremont, Me., by the upsetting of their boat while out gunning on the 13th inst. The body of Bigford has been recovered.

— A married lady of Minnesota has lain in a trance for six weeks. Her husband says he is glad to enjoy a little "quiet once in his life," and refuses to call in a physician for fear "he'll wake her."

— The oldest Freemason in the country is Capt. Joseph Harding, of Swampscott, Mass., he having been made a Master Mason, in Adams Lodge, in Jan., 1800, and is still a member of the same lodge.

— The wealthy American who lately married a young lady of Milan, who possessed a title, turns out to be a journeyman barber, and the aristocracy of Milan say she has been shaved.

— A Mormon missionary made saints of the wife and daughter of a Vermont farmer, in return for which the "tiller of the soil" made a martyr of the missionary, and "honors are easy."

— An exchange says:—"California produces ninety odd tons of beets to the acre in the rural districts, and a heavier crop of 'dead beats' in cities." Can any one beat such beets?

— "Marine acephalous mollusc of the lamelli branchiate order of the genus ostren," is given out as the scientific appellation for oyster; but what indulgence in hard words!

— During the past year there were 5,525 marriages in Boston. Wonder how many of the "happy couples" will become residents of Indiana before the close of 1870.

— London is credited with contributing millions to convert the heathen, and has in her own population a million persons who have never entered a church.

— Lt. Gov. Cumback, of Indiana, has been offered a foreign appointment. How is it expected he'll fill it—when he's "come back" before he's gone?

— A Miss Jelf, of Elizabeth, N. J., who has lately celebrated her one hundreth and fourth birthday, owns up to being an "old maid" for four years.

— A young American has recently eloped from Dresden with a chambermaid and $2,000 of his maternal's money for procuring matrimonial material.

— An Italian nobleman, who spent two years in this country, has written a book in which he says the ladies of Boston are the handsomest in the country.

— Hon. M. M. Pomeroy lectured on "Men's Wives" at Fort Plain, New York, on the 18th instant, and gratified auditors by the dissection of his subjects.

— The new fifty cent currency stamps which were pronounced "uncounterfeitable." have already been imitated, and the imitations are in circulation.

— "A Lewiston, Me., Minister, rises at 5 o'clock on Monday mornings and helps his wife do the washing." Well, isn't cleanliness next to godliness?"

— An injunction from Judge Freedman on the 22d inst. stop

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Quarter Racing on the Union Course, L. I.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., the Union Course, L. I., was the scene of an exciting quarter race match between two horses owned in the neighborhood. This description of racing sport, although at one time vastly popular in this section, has fallen into disuse, although still in favor in the Western States. It is significant of the unusual mildness of the season for racing to take place in midwinter, yet the day was as bright and mild as in May. The match was between L. S. Sammis' gray gelding Eagle, and Wm. Smith's gray gelding Taylor, quarter mile heats, for $100 a side. Eagle, who is perfectly blind, was ridden by Henry Simonson, and Taylor by Hugh McClellan. The latter had the call in the betting, owing to the prejudice caused against Eagle on account of his blindness, which it was generally thought would interfere with his running, and to such a degree did this feeling prevail, that before the start the long odds of $100 to $20 were currently offered against him. The start was from the three-quarter pole, up the home stretch to the judges' stand. There was a capital attendence.

FIRST HEAT.—After several failures, a good start was effected, both horses crossing the score head and head together. Passing the drawgate Eagle forged ahead, but not sufficient to interfere with his opponent. The struggle throughout was close and exciting, both horses running locked together, until within a few strides of the score, when Eagle drew in front and won by half a length; time, 25 seconds. The rider of Taylor made an objection against the winner for foul riding, but the judges gave the heat to Eagle.

SECOND HEAT.—The running of Eagle in the preceding heat now caused a change in the betting market, and offers of $30 to $10 on his winning were freely current among the speculative fraternity. A good start was effected at the second attempt, and the horses were locked until half way up the homestretch, when Eagle got his head in front, and, maintaining his position ahead, went under the string a winner of the heat and race by a length, in 26 seconds.

A second race for a robe and blanket, of the value of $100, quarter mile heats, was announced, for which H. Simonson's Romeo, and W. Smith's Gazelle were entered. At the last moment Gazelle was drawn and Romeo walked over. Mr. Wm. Shaw, the proprietor of the Union Course, was not interested in the day's sport, which was given under the management of Mr. S. L. Sammis.

The Trotting Congress.

On Wednesday, Feb. 2d, the delegates of the various associations throughout the United States meet in convention at the Everett House, in this city, for the purpose of deliberating upon a code of rules and regulations, which shall be recognized as authoritative for the government of trotting on all the leading tracks in the country. Delegates have been appointed to represent the different associations and proprietors of trotting tracks, and from the result of their deliberations the happiest effects upon the interest of the trotting turf are anticipated. No longer will this noble national sport be left to the management and control of unprincipled trainers and drivers, for the perpetration of any fraud or malpractice in a race, will under the proposed new rules, meet with summary punishment in the ruling out of the guilty party. Nor does the punishment end with the simple exclusion and expulsion from the track on which the offence was committed, but its effect extends to every prominent course in the United States which subscribes to the constitution and laws of the proposed National Congress. Unscrupulous owners of fast trotting horses will also become amenable to the authority of Congress, and their fraudulent practices and rascalities will meet their due reward upon the actual perpetrators, and not exclusively upon the drivers who are made their scapegoats. It will consequently be found by owners, trainers and drivers alike, that "Honesty will prove the best policy." Under the new regime for the government of trotting, a brighter future dawns upon that truly national pastime, and gentlemen will be enabled to enjoy its exciting pleasures without derogation to their respectability, for its principal patrons will be found to be men of influence, wealth, culture and high social position. The contests of the track can then be witnessed with unalloyed gratification by the spectators, with the conviction that the best horse will win, and the public, satisfied of the *bona fide* character of the races they are invited to witness, will patronise the trotting meetings with a liberality never bestowed upon them before. The Narragansett Park Association has been the pioneer in this praiseworthy effort of elevating the character and dignity of the trotting turf, and it is entitled to all the honor and credit in initiating the work of reform.

REMOVAL OF DUTY ON IMPORTED STOCK.—A bill has just been introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington by the Hon. James B. Beck, of Kentucky, providing for the removal of the existing import duty on foreign live stock imported into this country. This is an important and highly desirable measure, and we are gratified to find that it was approved and adopted by the Committee of Ways and Means, incorporated into their General Tariff Bill, and there is every prospect of it soon passing both houses and becoming law. The importation of the best strains of blood from the thoroughbred stock of Europe for the improvement of our native breeds, ought always to have been encouraged by our government, instead of attempting to check it by the imposition of a burdensome and vexatious tariff. The governments of Continental Europe have expended millions in improving their breed of horses, by establishing herds where the services of the best thoroughbreds could be obtained by the people almost free of cost, and the most celebrated racing stock was purchased in England without regard to cost, for this purpose. In France we find the government hurds possessing such renowned English thoroughbred racing sires as The Baron, Gladiator, Sting, West Australian, Flying Dutchman, Muscovite, Nabob, Foigh-a-Ballagh, Pretty Boy, The Emperor, Ion, Nanny Kirk, Hernandez, Ethiron and a host of others. Austria and Hungary can boast of Buccaneer, Cotherstone, Settlingbourne, etc., and Russia of Van Tromp, The Sheriff, General Chasse, Peep o' Day Boy, Bourbon, Memnon, Middleton, Coronation, Iduriel, Trial and Andover—names of lustre in the records of the English turf. Our own government, on the contrary, has hitherto done everything to impede the improvement of the breed of horses, and we trust the adoption of the present measure is an indication of the change of policy for the future.

TROTTING SPORT ON THE ICE.—The trotting club at Whitehall, N. Y., last week gave three capital days' trotting meeting on the ice, which attracted each day the attendance of fully two thousand persons. On the 19th inst. a purse of $75 was contested for, mile in three, best three in five, in harness. There was won by Mr. Eldridge's mare, Flora Lee, who took the second, third and fourth heats; Mr. Hamilton's mare, Abby, taking the first. The time of the fastest heats was 2:45. On the second day, the 20th inst., the club purse of $200 was trotted for, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The entrees were br m Ella Cole, b m Charmer and d g General McClellan. The latter and Ella Cole were about equal favorites in the betting before the start. McClellan took the first heat in 2:32, but casting a shoe on the second heat Ella Cole won it in 2:35. In the third heat McClellan and Charmer each threw a shoe and Ella Cole won the heat in 2:38. Darkness had by this time come on, and the finish of the race was postponed to the ensuing day, the 21t inst. On resuming the race, McClellan won the fourth heat, Charmer the fifth and Ella Cole the sixth and race. The fastest heat of this day was that won by Charmer, 2:34. The meeting proved the most successful ever held under the auspices of the club.

PROPOSED DOUBLE MATCH WITH COLTS.—It is well known that the celebrated mare Flora Temple, the abdicated queen of the trotting turf, is the dam of two promising foals, a two year old filly and a yearling colt. The former is sired by Rysdick, a son of Old Hambletonian, out of a Lexington mare, and the latter by William Welch, also a son of the old "Hero of Chester" and a Trustee mare. Both are remarkably bloodlike, handsome youngsters, and give great promise of future speed as trotters. By the famous stallion Major Winfield (now renamed Edward Everett by its present owner) the well known Williamsburgh veteran turfman, Colonel Gardner, possessed two colts out of his thoroughbred mare, of the same age respectively as Flora Temple's colts, which also gave certain indications of making fast trotters, and so strongly is the Colonel impressed with this conviction, that he offers to match them against the son and daughter of the old queen of the turf for $1,000 a side each match, the two races to be trotted when the colts are three or four years old. Such a match, if made, would be highly interesting among trotting circles.

DEFEAT OF THE OPPONENTS OF TROTTING AT BOSTON.—We have before alluded to the persistant opposition made to the establishment of a new trotting track at Brighton, in the suburbs of Boston, by a few straightlaced, puritannical grumblers, who are opposed to every kind of legitimate sport and enjoyment. We are glad at last to learn that the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants of Brighton for a new track have at last prevailed, and the selectmen of that town have finally voted for the establishment of the Riverside Park Course. Heretofore this track has been a half-mile course, but its proprietor, Mr. John A. Sawyer, is now converting it into a full mile track, with new grand stand, stables, shed and a "Track House," containing reception and committee rooms, dining hall, etc. Mr. Sawyer will represent the Riverside Park track at the approaching Trotting Convention, as will Messrs. Morrison and Doe the Mystic Park Course.

RETURN OF AN ENGLISH TRAINER.—We learn that Mr. A. Taylor, of Newmarket, England, who for two years trained Mr. M. H. Sanford's extensive stable of racehorses, purposes returning to this country and resuming his profession as a public trainer. His long experience in this capacity both in England, where he trained some of the best horses of the day, as well as in this country, guarantee his capability and faithfulness. The magnificent condition in which he brought Lancaster to the post for the Saratoga Cup, in 1868, was the subject of general comment among turfmen, and combined with the brilliant horsemanship of his rider, Heyward, materially contributed to the victory Mr. Sanford's horse achieved on that memorable occasion.

ILLNESS OF THE VETERAN TRAINER, ISAAC WOODRUFF.—We learn, with regret, of the illness of this veteran horseman, the brother of the late Hiram Woodruff, from a sudden stroke of paralysis, at his residence in West Houston street, in this city. Isaac Woodruff has always possessed the respect and confidence of the trotting community, and his present melancholy condition will be generally regretted in sporting circles.

DEATH OF PURITAN.—We regret to state that the well known trotting stallion, Puritan, by Hambletonian, who was a prominent favorite for the Colt Stake in 1867, died, last week, of disease of the kidneys. He was owned by the distinguished turfman, Mr. Marcus A. Littell, of this city, who recently refused an offer of $4,000 for him.

FOOT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—On Jan. 1st a foot race came off at Lower Lake, Cal., between the Indian, Cau Haw, and "Plough Boy." The race-course was in the form of a parallelogram, with the corners rounded off, the sides 400 yards in length, the curves of the ends probably sixty yards; thus once around the track would make nine hundred and twenty yards. Nine times the runners were to compass this distance without stopping, the winner to receive a purse of $100. Much money was staked on the issue, and considerable interest was evinced, judging from the numbers of people from all parts of the county. At two o'clock, P. M., the runners, attired in costume, started and made the first round nearly abreast of each other. "Plough Boy" then called some one to cut his shoes off, which bound his feet. While this was being done the Indian gained some forty yards, which distance thereafter continually and rapidly increased between the parties until, on the seventh round, the Indian had distanced his competitor the entire round of the course, and came up and passed him. "Plough Boy" now gave up the race, while the Indian kept on, never slackening his run till the ninth and last round was completed. The nine rounds were accomplished by the Indian in fifty-two and a half minutes. One round was made in four minutes and nineteen seconds.

AQUATICS.

THE BOAT HOUSES OF HARVARD.

In the latest number of the *Harvard Advocate*, we find the following statement from the Executive Committee of the Harvard Club:—

TO THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—Your Executive Committee feel that it is their duty to keep you informed, from time to time, of the exact condition of the club. It is very evident that, unless means are immediately taken to provide a new boat house, it will be almost impossible to continue rowing, as the present houses are in such a condition, that it is with great risk that boats are now stowed there. To meet this want, your Committee have made arrangements to build a boat house which will not only accommodate all club boats, but also a large number of single boats, and they have gone so far as to purchase the land, and to drive the piles for its foundation. They are unable, at present, to proceed farther, because the treasury has been exhausted to meet the expense of the above and it would be impossible to find any builder who would consent to put up the house unless payment should be insured him. It is with the certainty that you will see the necessity of more money, that your committee urge you to endeavor, during the vacation, to obtain money of your friends for the new boat house, no matter what the amount may be; for if their is sufficient money on hand at the beginning of next term to go on with the work the boat house can be completed and ready for use before the beginning of the rowing season. Your committee again earnestly request your co-operation

N. G. READ,	O. T. JOHNSON,	
A. L. HUNTINGTON,	J. BRYANT,	
T. PARSONS,	R. W. BAILEY,	Ex. Com.
J. R. MCCOAD,	G. BASS, President.	
R. G. HOOPER	WM T. STANGER, Sec.	
G. H. GOULD,		

COULTER WILL ROW HAMILL.

In our last we made allusion to the fact that Jimmy Hamill had signified his intention to again test the prowess of Henry Coulter in a sculling match, and now we are enabled to present the reply of the latter, from which it will be noted that there is a gratifying prospect of these old antagonists once more rowing against each other during the approaching season. Coulter's reply is clipped from the Pittsburgh *Leader*, of the 22d inst:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.—Noticing an article in last Sunday's *Leader*, in which it was stated that in case Walter Brown refused to accept the challenge issued by me, or in case the regatta proposed next spring should prove a failure, James Hamill would row me for five hundred dollars a side, I desire to state that I will accommodate Mr. Hamill, and will row him both in the regatta and in a single scull match, the latter to come off on the same course upon which we met last August—the Upper Monongahela.

HENRY COULTER.

HUDSON AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—This organization held their annual meeting at the boat house of the Atalanta Club, on the evening of Wednesday, January 19, when the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the present year:—President, Benj. F. Brady, of the Waverley Club of New York; First Vice President, Tim. Shea, of the Gulick Club of New York; Second Vice President, Geo. I. Watt, of the Vesper Club of Yonkers; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Geo. W. Fortmeyer, of the Waverley Club of New York; Treasurer, Theodore M. Tuthill, of the Atlantic Club of Hoboken. Executive Committee: Messrs. Neilson, of the Hudsons; Hashngen, of the Columbias; Spear, of the Gulicks; Russell, of the Atlantics, and Fortmeyer, of the Waverleys. The reports read represented the association as in a very prosperous condition at present, and there is a movement on foot which, if it is expected, will culminate in the extending of an invitation to the members of the London Rowing Club to visit this country next fall, and take part in the annual regatta on the Hudson. Should the invitation be extended and accepted, the Londoners may feel assured of meeting with most hospitable treatment.

HARVARD VS. ANNAPOLIS.—One of the most interesting events now on the docket for the season of 1870, is the proposed race between the University six of Harvard and a crew composed of midshipmen at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. The consent of Admiral Porter has been given, and it has been finally settled that the race shall take place, but whether at Annapolis or West Point has not yet been decided; neither has the time of rowing been fixed. The agreement originated in a proposition made by Harvard, and the course will be four miles in length. The Harvard six will be Captained by James Seldon McCabb and will include Mr. Fay, who was one of the four who pulled against Oxford.

FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB.—This recently organized club is in a prosperous condition as was evinced at the recent annual meeting of the club held at their boat-house, 28th street, E. R., when the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Jas. L. McCahill; Vice-President, V. Dorsheimer; Treasurer, Wm. J. Cotter, Jr.; Rec. Sec., James S. Murray; Corres. Sec., Frank Guerins. Trustees—John Dugan, Wm. Hurley, M. J. Murray. There is a good prospect that they will produce one of the best crews in the vicinity of New York for the coming season, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ISAAC D. COLE has been awarded the champion pin of the Palisade Boat Club, of Yonkers, New York, offered by Ex-President Amelung as a prize to the one who should row the greatest number of miles during the season.

BILLIARDS.

COOK VS. BOWELL.—On the 3d inst. the second half of the novel match between W. Cook, Jr., and J. Bowell, was played at the Gresham Rooms, Manchester, England. The original conditions of the contest were that they should play a game of 2,000 up, Bowell having 900 points start. The first portion of the match took place in St. James' Hall, London, a few weeks ago. On that occasion, by excellent breaks, Cook ran up his score to 1,000, whilst Bowell succeed in making only 1,098, and consequently, when the game was resumed in Manchester on Monday evening, Bowell was 98 in advance. The play at first was somewhat tame, though Bowell improved his position by 146. When the interval of 10 min. took place, the score stood:—Bowell, 1,569; Cook, 1,539. Subsequently Cook played in a more lively manner, and scored 43 and 22, Bowell making 21 and 42. Cook afterwards made a break of 216 (including 72 spot strokes), and both he and Bowell were frequently applauded. The game finally resulted in favor of Cook, who played admirably, and the end the score stood :—Cook, 2,001; Bowell, 1,813. Cook thus won by 188. The highest breaks made by Cook were 216, 50, 55, 49, 46 and 42. Bowell's breaks were 57, 49 and 42. The play was greatly admired and Cook was loudly applauded on having achieved another triumph on the "green cloth."

A CHALLENGE FROM NORWICH.—George Stone, of Norwich, proposes to play Mattie Hewins, the Connecticut champion, upon similar terms as those under which they contended in New Haven on the 4th uit. That is, a three-ball game, 300 points up, on a second size Phelan & Collender carom table, for a stake of $300 a side, Stone to give 60 points odds. As in the New Haven contest, Hewins was beaten, but 33 points, although Stone made more than half the game in twelve innings, which it is altogether unlikely he will ever do again should he play until the crack of doom, the Hartford might think well enough of the challenge to accept it. Stone thinks so well of his own chances that he proposes to increase the stake to $500 a side.

BILLIARDS AT COLUMBUS, IND.—On the 15th inst. Dan McCracken, ex-champion of Indiana, visited that city and treated the lovers of the game to a fine display of his. He played four games of 100 points each with one of their best amateurs, giving him the odds of grand discount, winning three with ease. His best runs were:—55, 57, 66, 70, 75, 90, 103, 117, 190, making in the aggregate 1,623 points and an average of 28. The games were played on a second sized carom table, push shot barred.

DION VANQUISHES DEERY.—On the evening of the 20th inst. a game was played in San Francisco, Cal., between John Deery, champion, and Cyrille Dion, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylums, the attendance being large. The result was the overwhelming defeat of Deery, the score on the 57th innings being:—Dion, 1,500; Deery, 573. The winner's highest run was 129 and the loser's 84. The betting was heavy.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—John Deery, who has now to defend the diamond cue against Rudolphe, proposes to play him either in San Francisco on the 15th of February, or in this city on the 8th of April. As an inducement for Rudolphe to go to San Francisco, Deery offers to pay his expenses. It is thought that the French player will accept this offer, as a few weeks ago he himself proposed the same thing.

AT THE CHARTER OAK BILLIARD HALL, Hartford, Conn., exhibitions are given nightly by ex-champion G. B. Hubbell and several amateur players. The proprietors, Messrs. Hubbell and Tiffany, intend closing their rooms shortly, much to the regret of a large number of patrons, and they intend to close in a "blaze of glory."

THE TAX ON BILLIARDS IN CANADA.—Michael Phelan started on the 18th inst. for Montreal, whence, being accompanied by Joseph Dion, he was to have proceeded to Quebec. Dion has before the Canadian Parliament a bill for reducing the excessive tax on billiards, and he has called in Mr. Phelan to assist him.

BENJAMIN VS. FOSTER.—The CLIPPER goes to press one day in advance of that selected for the playing of the first game of the home and home match between Ralph Benjamin and Melvin Foster. Next week we shall have a report of it.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE FOR THE CUE.—Not to be driven from the field by one defeat, Cyrille Dion has re-challenged and will play with Dion or Rudolphe for the cue, whichever wins the match now pending.

PARKER VS. RHINES.—The contest at the three ball game, 300 points up, for $500, between these men, took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the 19th. Parker won by 40 points.

ANOTHER ROOM.—Peter Snyder has opened a billiard room on South Clark street, Chicago.

COCKING.

MATCHES IN BROOKLYN.—On Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., there was a good attendance of the lovers of this sport, at a well known pit in Brooklyn, to witness three matches that had been arranged between some popular fanciers. The first was for the largest stake, $200, and was between M. Kulleen's four pound twelve ounce pile, and J. Werner's black red, an ounce heavier, and both cocks. The pile had the call in the betting at $20 to $18. It was a well fought contest, both being quick, punishing fighters, but at last the pile came off the victor, laying his opponent dead in the pit. The second was between J. Chambers' black red, 4lbs. 10oz, and J. Werner's birch backed gray, 4lbs 8oz, for $100. The black red, on account of his advantage in weight, had the call in the betting, which was unusually heavy. He was a capital quick, hard hitter, as was the pile, but after fighting 16 minutes, the latter had to succumb, and the black red was declared the winner. The third battle was between M. Muldahey's 4lbs 11oz chicken, against a black red cock 4lbs 8oz, shown by W. Howe. The odds of $50 to $45 was laid on the black red and he won with great ease in less than 2 minutes, laying out his young opponent dead in the pit.

MAIN BETWEEN PORTCHESTER AND NEW HAVEN.—A main between the fanciers of the above places came off at Savin Rock on Thursday, the 20th inst. Thirteen on each side were shown, of which nine, four cocks and five stags, fell in. The first battle, between two 4lb. cocks, was won by New Haven, but Portchester won the second and third. Victory favored New Haven in the fourth and fifth fights, but fortune then changed, and Portchester scored the sixth, seventh and eighth, thus deciding the main in their favor. The ninth and last fight was also won by Portchester. Summary:—

Fight.	New Haven.	Portchester.	Won by
1	Pile, 4lbs	Pile, 4lbs 2oz	New Haven
2	Black red, 4lbs. 3oz	Black red, 4lbs. 8oz	Portchester
3	Brown red, 4lbs. 15oz	Black red, 4lbs. 14oz	Portchester
4	Brown red, 4lbs 8oz	Pile, 4lbs 7oz	New Haven
5	Black red, 4lbs. 8oz	Pile, 4lbs 7oz	New Haven
6	Brown red, 4lbs. 9oz	Brown red, 4lbs 8oz	Portchester
7	Brown red, 4lbs. 11oz	Brown red, 4lbs 11oz	Portchester
8	Black red, 4lbs. 7oz	Brown red, 4lbs. 7oz	Portchester
9	Black red, 4lbs. 7oz	Brown red, 4lbs 8oz	Portchester

TWO AMATEUR WALKISTS, named O. T. McDermott and Jas. Robinson, walked ten times around Boston Common, equal to 12½ miles, 'tis said, in 2 hours and 15 minutes.

SKATING.

A BIG THING ON ICE.

On Jan. 15, in accordance with previous announcement, a fat men's skating party came off at the Springfield, Ill., rink. The number of weighty men present was quite large, and in addition to these there was a large number of skatists and spectators; in fact the rink was crowded with those wishing to see the "weight and muscle" of the city on skates. The ice was cleared at eight o'clock, and as a preliminary step a Fairbanks platform scale was brought upon the ice for the purpose of weighing the party. The clerk, Colonel J. M. Snyder, appointed to keep tally, in order that none weighing under 200 pounds should appear upon the ice, was present at his post, and the business of weighing commenced. The following named gentlemen appeared and the clerk announced the respective weights as follows, Major A. W. Edwards, of the Carlville *Democrat*, leading the party with 387½ pounds:—

Maj. Edwards	387½	J. H. Currier	238
J. H. Shook	304	Mr. Lee	235
F. F. Haines	300	A. C. Lockman	234
J. W. Chenery	299	H. Gibson	234
Mr. Nutis	287	J. W. Conkling	203
J. K. Dubois	243	A. Barnes	232
Wm. Grinsley	220	J. F. Warner	101
N. Hickok	217	A. J. Dunning	200
J. Natow	215		

As the clerk announced the weight of the respective parties a cheer went up from the crowd of spectators. At the word the fortunate ones came to time and got off in fine style, and the skating commenced in earnest, and it was in truth earnest work in many respects. The scene upon the ice was amusing and interesting and worthy the pencil of Hogarth in his best days. The exhibition consisted of plain and "figured" skating, some of the exercises not being laid down in the New York Skating Club programme, although a good many skaters were laid down in various positions, "but" not always according to "rule." The rules were laid aside and every skater cut the "spread eagle" and practised the "grape vine" and "long roll" after a fashion peculiarly his own. Some of the skaters placed their portraits upon the ice after various designs, and had the ice been soft the impressions would have been lasting. The party may be considered a success, and the affair was hugely enjoyed by the skaters and spectators. It may be proper to remark in this connection that the services of the surgeons were not required.

SKATING.—The rinks and ponds of the metropolis and vicinity still continue as free from ice as though the article was unknown. Since the 10th inst., on which occasion there was excellent sport at the Fifth avenue and other ponds, the weather has been extremely mild. Those who have got their money invested in skates and ponds do not like this state of things, but they have to grin and bear it. It is a most unusual state of affairs and something entirely unprecedented. It cannot last always, however. There must be a change before long. Undoubtedly, February and March will be severe months, full of snow and ice. Let the skatists keep a stiff upper lip and bide their time.

THE BUFFALO RINK is now in excellent condition and the young and old are taking advantage of Jack Frost's visit by thronging the ice in great numbers. The directors have made Mr. George Smith the manager. He is well versed in all the many things necessary to render the place popular. The first grand masquerade took place on the 22d inst. and was a perfect success, everything passing off in the best order and all retiring well pleased with their evening's recreation.

IN HARTFORD, CT., the very unfavorable weather has spoiled the ice at the rink, and the great expectations of the patrons. John Engler, Jr., has given a few exhibitions of his skill, and has been waiting for Jack Frost to do his duty, to enable him to appear in his comic characters. John has made himself quite a favorite with the Hartford people.

THE SKATISTS of Cleveland, O., were in high glee last week, and the three rinks were largely attended, the Central taking the lead. John Powers appeared at the west side rink.

A DEXTEROUS APPROPRIATOR.—At the Cafe du Commerce, Rue de Viarmes, near the Halle au Ble, several corn dealers were assembled about five o'clock one evening recently, when a well-dressed individual entered and seated himself beside one of them. After a time the stranger made a sudden movement which he raised his neighbor's arm. He instantly apologized, but the other suspected something wrong, and upon examination, missing a pocket-book, accused the other of having taken it. The stranger indignantly denied the fact, but was, however, taken to the station, where nothing was found on him. He at first gave the name of Vasseur, but at length, perceiving that he was recognized, he admitted that he was really Polack, a well-known thief. Shortly after the missing article was discovered—but without 200 francs, which it contained—under the seat he had occupied at the cafe. The prisoner's career has been a most eventful one. He is a desperate gambler and visits the watering places during the summer. In 1866 he won 250,000 francs at Baden. To the resources furnished by play he adds those arising from numerous dexterity in picking pockets. He frequently exercised his industry in railway carriages, and often, when once he had obtained possession of his booty, he opened the door and sprang out on the line while the train was in full motion. However, on one occasion, in doing so in America, he broke his leg, which was amputated. He had the lost member replaced by a cork one, so admirably constructed that few could perceive the difference. In the earlier parts of last year he was arrested, and, as he was wounded, he was sent to the hospital, whence, notwithstanding his artificial limb, he managed to make his escape. He has lately been occupying a handsome apartment in the Rue Castiglione.

R. BROWN, of Regent's Park, London, England, offers to take £60 to £40, or £30 to £20, that he walks 21 miles in 3 hours, in either an enclosed ground or on a turnpike road.

SIMON SHARP'S SON SAMUEL.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self same sign still swinging, silently specifying:—"Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, sawy; Skeptical Saul sold silver knives, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed, storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed, sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange, Sam should slight such splendid summer sales!" said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatterbrained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally, "Sam's smitten, Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! stop such stuff!"

"Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surecease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Sumsmiled Sam she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sonny, sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling; "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliquises.

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs—Spriggs Short—Sophia, Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—She! She shan't! She shant!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spi-spi-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartain, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartain," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sodrific," said Sam, stealthily stanching streaming sweat, shaking suddenly.

"Sartain," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sure shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty! sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally:—"Sophia, sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some syivan shade. Sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall——'"

Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere—Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

"Speak! Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam—seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartain."

MOURNING CUSTOMS.—The ancients had queer ideas about mourning for their dead. The Egyptian women ran through the streets crying, with their bosoms exposed and their hair disordered. The Lidians regarded mourning as unmanly, and compelled men who went into mourning to put on female garments. In Greece, when a popular general died, the whole army cut off their hair and the manes of their horses. At the present day the Arabian women stain their hands and feet with indigo, which they suffer to remain for eight days. They also carefully abstain from milk during this time, on the ground that its white color does not accord with the gloom of their minds. In China, the mourning color is white. Mourning for a parent or husband is required there by law, under a penalty of sixty blows and a year's banishment. When the Emperor dies all his subjects let their hair grow for one hundred days. In the Fejee Islands, on the tenth day of the mourning, the women scourge all the men, except the highest chiefs. Another fashionable custom there requires the friends and relatives of the deceased to assemble on the fourth day after the funeral and picture to themselves the amount of corruption the corpse has sustained by that time. In the Sandwich Islands persons desirous of going into mourning paint the lower part of their faces black and knock out their front teeth. No doubt this causes a very sincere kind of mourning for the time.

TO BENEDICKS.—A married man should never buy his cigars on credit, for by so doing he becomes a weed-ower.

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A NONODY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

You ask me why the gladsome smile
That lighted up my face but now
Is swallowed in the clouds of gloom
Which lie upon my aching brow.

'Tis not that friends are growing cold,
Or evil fortune pressing me;
It is but that gaunt, griping want
Clings like a monster of the sea.

Nor is it that my lady's false
In word, or thought, or dream, or deed!
No! gold, and love, and friendship true
Are all my undeserved meed.

And still my heart is sore oppressed,
My spirit heavy, sad and sore;
I cannot laugh as was my wont,
Nor smile the beaming smile of yore.

And what has wrought the dark'some change?
And why are wealth and love but naught
To cheer the sinking soul? O list
The tale with shadowy horror fraught:—

I ate twelve inches square of tripe
Last night, with sauce and boiled dough paste,
And feel as though a bed of rocks
Were lodged for ballast 'neath my waist!

CENTREPOLE BILL.

It drizzled unmistakably that night—not in straightforward rain, but in sneaking gusts that glanced down the neck and up the sleeve. I pulled on my coat, and splashed out to the gate, to see if it were fast against wandering cattle. The lights in the house gleamed dimly through the mist, as if the wet had reached them, too. Even old "Dose," who followed me gingerly out from the porch, shook his shaggy coat, and sniffed his disgust at the weather. Satisfied that all was right, I was about returning to shelter, when, from around the corner of the fence came the sound of horses' feet, and a heavy wagon sucking and groaning up the incline. A low, prolonged growl from the dog greeted the coming team, and I waited a moment to see who could be traveling at such a time and in such a sorry storm. There soon came abreast of the gate a huge wagon, drawn by six mules, which I could barely see through the fog. Attracted by the fire in my pipe, which I had succeeded in keeping alight, and the increased growling of the dog, it stopped, and, after the brake rattled down, a hoarse voice issued:

"Wea there, June! I say, stranger, how far is it to town?"

"To Los Angelos? Ten miles."

"That's a purty outlook for me. Ten miles! Is this a tavern?"

"No."

"Ten miles to town! Waal, stranger, I guess I'll stake out here to-night. Them animules is too beat to do that. Where's yer water?"

"It's all around you to-night; but you can turn your mules into the *corral* and bring your blankets before the fire. It's too wet to stay out here."

"Waal, I've seen wus nights nor this and I'm eenamost waterproof, but since you're presein', I'll turn out these critters and jine ye in a shake. Git up, here, you old cantankerous gov'ment mule! That ar' Black Bess is the ornarest animule I ever see."

It required but little time to unhitch his team, and I opened the gate and in the fagged creatures came—gaunt and worn, with moth-eaten tails, dripping with wet and generally cast down, as mules are when their kicking days are past. Though there was a prospect for them of fodder and corn, not the ghost of a trot appeared, but they meandered slowly into the yard, where our own horses crowded together under the shed and gazed inhospitably at the new comers.

"Have you had any supper?" I inquired of the teamster, as he came into the house with his blankets.

"Waal, now you mention it, I raythur think not, and I do feel a neap hungry."

I managed to get him a cold bite and a glass of toddy, and as he whipped out his short black pipe and moved up to the fire, he began to thaw, mentally, as I saw from the gladness in his eye, and physically, as the steam from his clothes attested. I was alone that night and glad to have company. I had a good view of my guest now: a short, thick-set man, with a shock of a beard, bronzed face, where it could be seen, and sharp gray eyes. A soldier's coat, much too large for him, was his upper garment, the only apparent additional vesture being a pair of immense boots.

"I like that liquor o' yours," he said, after a time. "It *keeches* as it goes down. How long mout you have lived here?"

"Only a year," I answered.

Between the wreaths of curling smoke he scanned me closely and again inquired:—

"Where mout ye hail from?"

"A great distance from here—from Maine."

"From Maine? You don't say so! I'm from them parts myself. It seems kind o' good to meet a feller nationer in a furrin land. How's all the folks down in Maine?"

"About as usual, I fancy. But how did you get out here?"

"I've made a long trip of it, you bet. If you don't want to turn in, I'll tell you all about it. It kind o' drops the tail-board out of a feller's feelins to strike a man from the same deestrict."

Assuring him that I should enjoy his confidence and his story—having mixed "another stiff 'un to take out that last patch of cold"—he related as follows:—

"The fust of it was, me and the old man had a scrimmage—got a fightin' one; mind ye, for I wouldn't have hurt a hair of the old man's head, not for gold; but I was peaky tired of farmin' and plowin' and hog killin', and such like, and was a bound for to go to sea. It's curus a fellar never knows the right side of his melon till it's too late; but that's the way with all on us, and knockin' about in the world just pulls the husk off of the cob, and shows ye what's what. However-ever, the end was now I was hankerin' to go away, and as 'Melia Pritchard had married that city chap, and as the old man said I shouldn't go, I was more determinder than ever. There was a circus come along to our town, and me and the other boys was kinder handy—helpin' water the horses, and doin' chores for the men—and we got into the show. It was the fust time I ever see a circus, and the band, and the riders, and the beautiful woman on a calico horse was too much for me, partickly after I was let in to the Livin' Skeleton and the Fat Lady. So I made up my mind to run off with this show, and I marches up to the boss and asked him if he would take me. 'What can you do?' says he. 'Any thin', says I, 'mostly drive.' 'Well,' says he, 'I want a boy to drive the wagon with the centrepole, and I'll try you.' And I left the old home and all ten years ago, and I've never seen 'em sence."

The thinking man paused a moment, and then proceeded:

"It was Den Rice's Circus—and you know it was a good show—but it was hard lines for me, and the beautiful woman didn't look so beautiful every time I see her afterward, and we roughed it all the while; and I shouldn't have stuck to it if we hadn't been travelin' west. I thought, if I went fur enough I might get to California, where the gold was growin'. How about that gold?"

A grim, peculiar smile flitted across a quarter-section of his face, and, ending in a sneer, lost itself in his shaggy beard.

"I did leave the business for a while, and was some years in Canada and Wisconsin, but I always hankered after the old country, and come back to it. There was three of us chums; and, very sing'lar, we was all named Bill, and they gave us names to know us apart. I was Centrepole Bill, 'cause I drove that wagon; there was Canvas Bill, as drove that wagon; and Stubby Bill, as was a general hand. We traveled and traveled until we got to Mound City, in Ioway, and there Stubby was knifed for something or other in a row, and died. He was a good chap, and I didn't go cahoots so much as Canvas and me, but we missed him for all o' that. We see some hubbly life, off and on, we did; and if I was a youngster, I 'drather set up in any perfession but a circus driver, but a man can't always have his 'drathers. Leastwise, if he could, p'r'aps he wouldn't be no better off.

"We got to Ioway, as I was sayin', and the boss was mighty cantankerous that night. He had a swivel eye and was hot when he was drunk, and he giv' us partickler devilry, which no man hankers fur if he don't deserve it, which we didn't; and that night Canvas comes to me, and says he, 'Centrepole, I ain't a goin' to sling this cart any more.' And I says to him, 'Why?' 'No man,' says he, 'can drive over me with sharp cor'ed horses.' Which I knew then he meant to leave the show, and was bound to jine him anyway. And he says he minded fur a long old yard of mine here, and he says as how there's a Gov'ment train goin' to start from Omaha next week, and we can get a job there to go out to the Injun country.' 'Well, Canvas,' says I, kinder slowly like, 'if you goee, I goe.a.' 'All right,' says he. I couldn't help wishin' 'twas somers else than the Injun country, for I had heerd them critters was fightin' to fight and a mile o' dead Injun, it's all well enough at home and talk about it; but when it comes to goin', it's a horse of another color."

"You teamsters have a strange, wandering life. How do you manage to live so?"

"Most fellers as comes out here to work or drive has run away from the east for robbin' or murders. And they can't stay in no one place: it haunts them all the time, and they must keep a goin'. But I never did no such thing. Have you ever been in the Injun country?"

"Never in my life; but I have often wished to."

"You had better stow that and keep out of it. It's a temptin' Providence and many red devils to go there. But, as I was sayin', we squared up with the boss; which there wasn't much comin' to us, as there always is, for we was just like sailors and never had a dollar in the dunnage box; and it don't take much drinkin' and dancin' and poker to clean a feller out. But we got away from there and got to Omaha the best we could; there wasn't any railroads in them days and Canvas and me wasn't long in hiring out ter drive, for some o' them guv'ment sojers, partickly them as has dirty uniforms, has a buggered smart eye to pick out a feller as knows his biz and they see at once as how Canvas and me was eyed hosses up to the handle, which it was true, though I say it, for Canvas and me had sayved hosses ever sence we was knee high to a snipe; and some o' them drivers didn't know no more about hosses than a cog does the price of hymn books."

"What made you and Canvas such friends?"

"Waal, you see, we had paddled together and was made to go in double harness. Don't you know that natur' makes everything in pairs? And some men gits married, which I never could sence that city chap carried off 'Melia, and which is resky, anyhow, 'cause one or t'other is bound to kick over the pole or bust the harness; but there's some as gits to be pards and them's better for single and wife. And old Canvas, he saved my life when I was attackted by a euchre slugger in Chicago, which I sometimes think he didn't ought ter, as I hain't been wuth much to nobody."

"But," said I, "there's always something for a man to do if he only knows it."

And the teamster drained his glass and answered:—

"You're right, there, but it's lucky if anybody can find it out if he once gits down like. You ain't gettin' tired, are ye? I'll go through the rest like the ten commandments through a Sunday school."

"By no means; it interests me very much."

"Waal, we started on our trip and was bound for Arizona: twenty-eight wagons, four amb'lances and two companies of cavalry, a right smart line of us. It ain't very interestin', goin' over the Plains; nothin' but sage brush and jackass rabbits and deer, and such vermin. And the deserts, where we had to drag along, hub deep in the sand, water forty miles apart and no grass nor nothin'; in some o' them nights I used to wish to get home agin. But Canvas and me was goin' to git gold and go back rich and see the old folks; but which it can never be. Canvas and me done the best we could. We didn't see many Injuns fust along; once in a while a few would hang around behind us, or we would see one or two skurrying up a canon. After we got well away from the settlements they tried to stampede the cattle; but we was prepared for them and they didn't get but a few. It wasn't pleasant for a man to be thinkin' o' Injuns all the time, and many a night as I've been on guard I thought I see a big 'un under every bush. My old mother used to read in the scriptur' about 'roarin' lions' and 'seekin' to devour,' but that book don't say nothin' 'bout 'Paches, which is wers sing'lar, if it makes for to show us how to go. P'r'aps the fellers as wrote it never was in Arizona and I often thought as how God left that country out of his day book, as bein' o' no account—leastwise, p'r'aps that was the place where the devil squatted when he was jerked out o' the garding, as gran'ther used to tell on."

"But the Government does its best there, does'nt it? Spends millions of money?"

"Best be d——! Young man, d'ye know I thinks our Guv'ment is bilked in them matters. They sends out agents, and bureaus, and commishners, with pockets full of money, and them fellers cheats the Injuns, and cheats the Guv'ment, and everybody but themselves; and, 'stead of wipin' out the cusses, writes reports, and sends home skillets of yarns—how two regiments *corraled* one squaw and retired without no loss. But they've got one bully boy there now—Custer—and he's puttin' a head on them Injuns; and he just don't wait for no commishners, but goes for 'em, and plum to the devil goes Mr. Injun."

"I see that some Quakers have been appointed to that department. Don't you think they will succeed?"

"You can just bet high agin it, and bet to win! Did you ever try to keep off bumble bees by givin' 'em sugar? Them territories won't never be wuth nothin' nor safe till them cussed varmints is wiped out. If I was the boss driver of that department I'd send enough sojers to *corral* all on 'em, and I'd take every blarsted, copper colored thief and hang him up in what trees we could find till the crows' day o' judgment had settled on 'em. But this ain't my story.

"I guess, I'll lie up a little; it runs rayther heavy tonight," said he, as he filled himself another glass and continued:—

"We camped out one night at the jaw of a canon, eat our suppers, and Canvas and me was on guard together, in the early watch. We used to meet at the end of the wak and stop a bit and talk. But we had a good lookout all the while. It was very dark and every one was asleep. By and by, Canvas, says he 'Centre, I'm going up to the spring to get a drink.' The spring was about a hundred yards up the gulch, among the bushes. 'Well,' says I, 'don't be long, and if you see anything, yell.' And off he went, whistlin' softly like to himself, and I stepped away again. He was gone a long time—longer than he had any ought to, and though I hadn't heerd any noise, I was kind o' narvous, as we never knowed how many Injuns might be doggin' us. At last I couldn't stand it no longer, and I put for the wagons and waked up Jim Bruce, which was outside, and Bill West, and says I to 'em as how Canvas had been gone too long, and would they go along o' me to look arter him; which they did, bein' good fellers and never hard to do a good turn, partickly for me and Canvas, which had often helped them shoe their team when the blacksmith was sick; and we went up to the spring together. You couldn't see a wink and we darsent take a light for them thieves to shoot us by, and we softly crawled up to the spring. There was a big cottonwood growin' just aside of it, and we ran agin' this and hit something sittin' like, leanin' against the trunk. 'Canvas,' says I, 'Canvas, my boy, is that you?' And he never made me no reply, but kept as quiet as a skull on a tombstone. 'Jim Bruce,' says I, 'just scratch for a lantern; there's something wrong.' I felt of the body, and there was a wet, sticky stream upon it. 'Canvas,' says I, 'what is the matter?' and no word. Jim soon fetched a light and there was Canvas, stone dead, pinned to the tree by seven arrows. And the thieves had cut off his hands and put them in his pockets and cut off his ears and fastened them on his forehead!"

Oh! what a vengeful glitter shone in his eye!

"Young man, they say when a woman loses her first young 'un it breaks her, and as how a lion robbed of her cubs is crazy; but may you never feel as I did when I saw Canvas—him as had been my pard; had sot by the same fire, and drank out of the same dipper, and shared his last terbacker with me—when I saw old Canvas, cut up like a sheep, and dead forever from me. Ten thousand divils was tuggin' at my heart, and I sank, with a yell, down by his dead side."

The emotion of the stranger almost overpowered him, as he recalled those agony-days of the past.

"They told me arterward that my yell roused the camp, and they came rushing out to the spring; but I didn't know it then. I was stunned like and never knew what happened. When morning came, they buried Canvas near where he died. They didn't leave no mound to draw the Injuns; but on that ground I knelt and cried. I don't look as if I could cry, but I did then. 'Canvas,' says I, 'old pard, you're gone! You was thirty-four years old. So help me God, I'll kill an Injun for every year of yours till I wipe out the score!' They took me in a cart, and for four weeks I was laid in a fever, which nighly made me pass in my cheeks; but I didn't, for I couldn't die till I'd kept my word with Canvas.

"Young man," he continued, after a pause, "I left that train at Tucson; and sence that time I've been roamin', roamin'. I have come in this trip to get a little money, and I'm goin' back. D'ye see this knife?"

He pulled out from his belt a huge, broad knife, with a wide handle, and handed it to me. In the wood I saw thirteen holes, as if bored with gimlets.

"You see them holes? Every one is a 'Pache. It's my account book, and every Injun I kill, in goes a hole. I've got a good many more to make 'fore I do as I said to Canvas; but I'm going back, and p'r'aps I may meet Canvas some day if I keep my word, which the preacher says is the right lay."

What room there was here for a homily on human vengeance! But I could not give it.

"Well, you've kindly heard my story, and you're from Maine: thank ye for both. I'm going to turn in."

And with this rough good night he rolled himself in his blankets and the regular breathing soon showed him to be asleep. I had but fitful slumbers until early morning, when the teamster roused me to take his leave, and he disappeared.

Nearly a year after my connection with the mines took me to Tucson; and while I was there a scouting party came in with a badly wounded man who had been with them—not a soldier, but one who was always eager for an Indian fight, and, further than this, nothing was known of him.

Out of curiosity I went in with the surgeon to see him, and there lay Centrepole Bill. He recognized no one, but kept in a deep stupor, bleeding from internal wounds that could not be stanched.

"He was an awful fighter," said the Doctor, "and has done nothing but follow the scouts."

"Doctor," said I, "I know that man." And as we watched I told his story.

We sat there several hours, and at last the struggle came. The dying man, raising himself on the pallet, looked fixedly at the ceiling, and in a hoarse voice said:—

"There's the show—and Canvas—" and he fell back dead.

I looked, afterward, in his belt, and found two knives, and in each of the handles there were seventeen holes. These keepsakes of the man I begged and have them to this day.—*Overland Monthly.*

VALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 19.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Vell, olt shmarley, I dought you said dot you vas comin to der Baxter Hob. I vent all oder der hols pulling lookin' for you and no Sharley cood I find. You vasn't dere. Of I had known dot you vasn't comin' I vood haf safed myself a barrel of drouple runnin all efer. Id vas a crand affair, Sharley, und vat mit der glare of der lighds, der maggynificence of der dresses, der dazzling beaudy und der sharms of der ladies, der shblendid moosic von ding und anoder, dot vas a vonder dot a goot many didn't vent crazy. I hafe shcoobed in der halls of der Baxters for der last dree or six seasons, und I dink I vas safely shvore dot deir "Hob" dis year vas der finest dey efer had. Eferyding vent along so nice und shmood, eferyding vorked so harmoniousness, eferyding shlided so efen dot efery von dook comford und nopody cood hellup bud enchoy demselfs, und nod von of der hole growd dot vas dere cood dint der first fand mit anyding.

Der Baxters hafe long had der rebudashion of hafing der finest ball of der season, bud dis year dey oud-did demselfs. Dis year dey dook der rag off of der bush. Efery von of any account vas dere mit his vife, his daughder or his loafy loof, und dot vould done dot Dudch heardt of yours goot, Sharley, to saw dem dear greachers enchoy demselfs. Id vas more like a nice gwied efening bardy dan anyding else—efery von vas so kinder sosbashe und lahdee. Id vas full mit pleasure from vone o'clock id commenced to begin dill id ended. I vas all efer, I seen eferyding, nodicg vent by dot I didn't saw, I dook id all in. Jack Runnett vas in his glory und dem shwaller dails of his shduck oud bound a food, he vas so broud of him self, his gombany und der glup. Billy Birch, mit his bare-footed head, looked like a chay bird, und his eyes dey dwinkled like dwo mornin sdars; Billy vas in his glory, und I dood I dink he vould haf shtood dere for a week. Toney Pastor vas "hubby Andoine" all der efening, und ven I vood meed him he vas all der dime shgin by himself "Habby, gay und free, boys." Long John Mulligan he vas oud in all his longness, und Nelse Seymour und him looked like der figure 11 oud on a hurrah. Liddle Bobby Newcomb, done up like a sore finger in fine linen, looked der fery lilak of perfection und "hubby like a big sun flower." Ed. Pettingell, der concert dook und vas 'shmiling like a basked of shibs." Jim Fisk, Jr., he vas on hand like vasal, und he vas lookin around as of he vas der "Monark of all der surveyors" in der place. I dink he vas agidading in his mind vedder or nod he had bedder buy oud der place. Young Villyiam Tweed, der General, he vas dere, und he vas shock full mit good humor. Big Sam Spencer looked bigger as der Fat Girl Chand, and he felt so good dot I'm bedding dot of der Cardif Chand had come dere und kicked ub dot Sam vood hafe shdood him ub on his ear for roods. Liddle Barney he vas dere doo, und for fraid dot he vood got shdebbed on Sam Spencer carried him around der hole efening in his vadch bocked. Dan Bryand vas around doo. Sharley, und I nefer seen him lookin' bedder. Pede Goodheart looked good hearted, as usual, und frum der vay he showed dem vite doods of his he mused hafe feld bully. Billy Runnett vas all ofer in a dozen places ad von dime, looking after eferyding und hat a goot vord for eferypody. All around der boxes vas familyar faces, und of I see von berson I knowed I see dwo hundert und four, sure. Valter Gregory und Johnny De Mott, Valter Nelson und Billy Cox, Tom Harrison und Billy Case, und a goot many more from "vay oter in New Jersey" vas dere, und aldough dey vere foreigners dey acded on dis occashion like goot citizens. Sheridan Shook shook all efer mit good nadure und shook efery von by der hand dot vas dhyveres near him. Der vommens danced like eferyding, und dot's no vonder, der moosic vas so shblendid dot nopody cood hellub dancing von dey heerd id. In ven gorner of ebery room I godded Bob Coenrad, Tom Jibneston, Harry Clapp, Eddy Van Schaick und oders from down arount Vall und Prond shreets. Jerry Aikes, from der Suregade's Office, vos dere doo, Sharley, und for a vonder he didn'd had dot leedle black leadder bag under his arm. Dere vas gwide a delecashion from der City Hall und der New Court House. Sharley Loew, our gundlemanly Coundy Clerk, vos dere, his face beaming mit shmiles und his feet dancing mit blessure; Assemblyman Billy Cook, from der German deestried, looked like a Cound; Cifil Justice Jo Koch looked eckshreamly ciff und vood radder be dere as on der Pench of his Court; City Marshal Ike Heyman, "der Shrimb," dreaded gwide a excidement mit his marshal abbearance und looking bood four inches daller as he is, feld like a "fell of a heller;" Alterman Dick Croker und Larry O'Brien vos dere, und no regardless for exbense, and dey bold looked as of der city vas deir larder hishdead of dem bein der Farders of der City; Shmuing, goot nadured Tom Banker, der gendlemanly Debudy Sheriff, vas to be saw und his goot looking face didn'd had on a brown der hole night; Colonel Josiah Porter, of der 22d Regt., und Cifil Justice of der 12d Vart, and enchoying himself gwiedly mit his friend Billy Rodgers, from John Sharley's Office. Ike Consofer, of der Manahattan Glub, vas dakin id all in, und him und his friend, Bob Beatty, vas like der Siamese dwins der hole efening. Brown, of der Vesdern Ossion Delegraff, vas dere, ready to do anyding dot vas of any accound, excebd bull vires. Bolice Justice Ed. Shandley vas here enchoying himself und lookin doo good nadured to efen fine von of der hams ten dollars ur gedding outside of doo much cough medicine. Debudy Coundy Clerk Harry Gumbleton vas lookin like usual, und vas good nadured as always. Judge Fred. Loew und his broder Ed., der Bresident of der Savings Bank oter in der Biefend Vard, dey vas valking round, daking idems efery blace. Major Ed. Kent, of dr George Vashingdon Grays; Hiram Henlin, Esq., from 130 Broadway, und Billy Gardner, from Ladlow shdreet, vas vidnessed und vilding vons doo. Hon. O. Aikey Hall, der Mare of der Village, dropped his didle ven he come in der door, indo his offe-coad bocked, und nefer bud id on agin dill he vent out. Dafe Wambold, mit such a nice feice like avverything, looked goot enuff to sing bedder as he ever sung before. General Harry Liebeneau looked like he always does, goot nadured und shmiling. Gus Belknap, from Shambers shdreet, vas immensie; Jim Talcott, from Tubby Hook, forged all bond his shickens und his dorge und horses. I forgod all bond you, und oney dought of Cofty Gooft. Arch Allerdon, Esq., vas dere doo, und excheered himself bully. Id vas der finest, magnifeendied ding of der season. Efery von vas loud in deir braises of der Baxders, und eferyding vend along shbiendid. Der gubiler vas a success, und, von ding dot you don'd ofden see do a ball of dis kind, a berson cood ged someding to ead. Efery von I saw vas enchoying demselfs, und ven der dime come for to vent home efery von vas sorry. I nefer vas do a nicer ball in my life, Sharley, und I'm telling you dot you missed a big ding. Der nexd dime such a grand hob like dis docks blace don'd you miss id for your life, cause of you do I vond dell you anyding about it. Mind, I mean vat I say.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

Scenes in Scotland.—No. 12.

LINLITHGOW PALACE—CORSTORPHINE HILL—NEWLISTON GROUNDS—THE EARL OF STAIR AND BATTLE OF DETTINGEN—WINCHBURG AND BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN—THE STUARTS, ETC.

On our return to Edinburgh, after visiting Abbotsford and Melrose, our guide informed us that we should not think of leaving Scotland, as we intended doing, without seeing the ruins of Linlithgow Palace, the birth place of Queen Mary. This is seventeen miles from Edinburgh, and as the country through which we passed was very interesting I will try and give you as near a description of the route as I can. Proceeding westward from Edinburgh by the foot of the Castle Rock, shortly after emerging from the tunnel which is just at the edge of the city, the Corstorphine Hill, richly wooded and studded with villas, is seen on the right, and the Pentland Hills on the left; three miles from Edinburgh is the village of Corstorphine, and about five miles further the railway crosses the Almond water by a very fine viaduct and enters Linlithgowshire. To the right are seen the grounds of Newliston, formerly the seat of the Earl of Stair, who is said to have planted the woods around the house according to the position of the troops at the battle of Dettingen, where he commanded under George II. A short distance on the right are the ruins of Niddry Castle, once a seat of Lord Seaton, and where Queen Mary passed her first night after escaping from Lochlevin Castle. In the immediate neighborhood is the village of Winchburg, where Edward II. first drew bridle in his flight from the battlefield of Bannockburn, and now we enter the county town of Linlithgow, beautifully situated on the margin of a small lake. As early as the beginning of the twelfth century Linlithgow was one of the principal burghs of the kingdom, and it still contains a few old-fashioned houses which belonged to the knights of St. John, who had their preceptory at Torphicken in this county. One at the side of the jail retains the date 1527; the county hall contains some fine pictures and valuable works of art. The palace where Queen Mary was born is a massive, quadrangular edifice, situated upon an eminence which advances a little way into the lake. Though in ruins, it occupies about an acre of ground, and is still a pleasing reminiscence of a bygone age. It was a favorite residence of the Stuart Kings, who probably found here an agreeable retreat, and it appears to have been a building of superior comfort and accomodation, a circumstance alluded to in the rhyme

Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

From the want of windows the exterior appears rather heavy, but the internal architecture is elegant. Over the grand gate in a niche which was formerly filled by a statue of Pope Julius II., who presented James V with the sword of state which forms part of the Scottish regalia. Above this entrance was the parliament hall with an ornamented chimney at one end and underneath it there has been at one time a piazza. This part of the palace is understood to have been begun by James IV and finished by his successor. The west side of the palace is the most ancient and contains the room where Queen Mary was born, December 7th, 1542. In one of the vaults of the palace James III found shelter when he was in danger of assassination from his rebellious subjects. The north side of the quadrangle is the most modern, having been built by James VI shortly after his visit to Scotland in 1617. The nucleus of the palace seems to have been a tower or fortalice built by Edward I. It was wrested from him by the Scotch by the following clever stratagem. The garrison was supplied with hay by a rustic by the name of Binnock, who favored the interests of Bruce. Binnock had been ordered by the English Governor to furnish some cart loads of hay, but the night before he drove it to the castle he stationed a party of well armed men near the entrance where they could be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear the signal. Then he loaded a large wagon with hay, in which he placed several well armed men, so covered over that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon, and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong hatchet. The servitude, who saw the wain with a cart of hay, opened the gates and raised the portcullis. But as soon as the cart had got under the gateway, Binnock suddenly cut asunder the yoke which fastened the horses to the cart. The horses, finding themselves free, started forward, the cart remaining under the arch of the gate which thus was prevented closing upon them. At the same instant, Binnock gave the signal, the armed men jumped from under the hay rushed upon the guard, who, while the men in ambush ran to assist, and the Castle was taken. King Robert nobly rewarded this gallant fellow for his bravery and discretion. The church of St. Michael, a venerable structure standing between the palace and the town, is one of the few nearly entire specimens of the ancient Scottish parish church. Its only defect is the stunted tower which has been left in a growing state. This church was founded by David I., and dedicated to the archangel Michael, the patron Saint of the town. It is now divided by a partition wall, and the eastern half alone is used as a place of worship. It was in the aisle of this church that James IV saw the strange apparition which warned him against his fatal expedition to Flodden Field. In the front of the town house stands the very curious and elegant fountain well, the sculpture is elaborate and the water pours profusely from the mouths of numerous grotesque figures. Between the Cross-well and the hotel there is another fountain, surmounted by a curious effigy of St Michael, under which is the quaint legend "1720, St. Michael is kinde to strangers." It was in Linlithgow town that David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent Murray, when passing through the town, in revenge for a private injury. The shot was fired from the house of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was hanged on the old bridge of Stirling for his complicity in the affair. After taking a stroll through the town and partaking of the good things served up at the Star and Garter Hotel, we returned to Edinburgh, and taking one of the fine steam packet steamers that sail between Edinburgh and London, we started on our voyage, bidding a very reluctant adieu to Bonny Scotland as we passed out of the Firth of Forth into the German Ocean. After a very pleasant passage of about 36 hours duration we reached the mouth of the Thames. The day being remarkably fine, we had a splendid view of the country on both sides of the river, from its mouth up to the city of London. Our steamer landed near the Tower docks, and, securing a cab, we started for the Waverly Hotel, King street, Cheapside, where we had secured accommodations from Edinburgh by telegraph. Here I first saw a copy of the CLIPPER since my departure from New York, and taking possession of it, I retired to read and rest preparatory to a ramble around this big town, the result of which I will give you in my next.

MONS. LA THORNE.

A BIRD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In these days of bear stories and wolf stories and snake stories, a short bird yarn may be a relief, and we are indebted for the following, which every one is expected to believe, to a brother of the sock and buskin. A certain actor, who has loomed up in more pretensions and ambitious positions, is now the chief Mogul of a traveling theatrical company, which not long since located for two nights at a smart western town. These nights being the last of the week they remained at their comfortable quarters on Sunday afternoon, as upon that day the star in question is in possession of a very fine green parrot, which he prizes very highly, and which he has taught a number of common stage quotations, which the bird would often repeat in a manner to create great amusement. As was natural, the feathered speaker became a great favorite with the company, and no little consternation was caused in the troupe by his loss, which occurred on the Sunday afternoon we speak of. It appeared that the bird had been let out of his cage that day, as was frequently done, he being fond of hopping about the room. It was supposed that he had slipped out of the room when the door had been opened and had reached the yard or street, and then been secured by some passer by. The entire premises were searched, but no traces of the parrot could be found. The whole company were in sorrow over the loss of their favorite and none more so than the owner, our friend the leading man.

But the parrot was not destined to be lost so; he revealed himself in a very curious way. It was after supper that the disconsolate proprietor was pacing the yard in his favorite Hamlet attitude, brooding over his bereavement. At the same time a dark-skinned youth—one of the despised descendents of Ham, who had found his way north during the war—was engaged in the stable in the utilitarian occupation of cleaning horses, by the light of a lantern which swung by a rope above his head. The door was open, and so the tragedian approached and watched the boy at his work, himself unseen.

The gloom which overhung the actor's mind was not destined to last long; he was relieved in a manner to occasion vastly different feelings in the dark young horse-valet. A queer, sharp voice, apparently from one end of the stable, was heard to exclaim:—

"Lay on, Macduff!"

The boy straightened up as though he was touched with a hot iron, and looked towards the end of the stable with a queer mixture of wonder and fear. There was but little light from the lantern, and yet it would have seemed impossible for a human being to have stood there without being observable. Still, the lad's sharp eyes could see nothing.

"Who dar?" he cried in a somewhat quivering voice. There was no response. The boy glared about with unmistakable trepidation. Then he again essayed:—

"Now you stop dat. I see you and you'd better come out. You can't fool dis chicken."

"I am thy father's ghost!"

The voice seemed to come from above. There was a single beam across the stable, but the boy could see nothing upon it. A horrid idea that he might really be haunted began to get into the darkey's brain. He yelled out:—

"I don't want nothin of you! I don't know any ghosts!"

"My name is Norval!"

"I can't help dat! Don't know you. What you want wid me?"

The boy's face was ghastly with terror as he spoke.

"A pound of flesh!"

The climax had come. The darkey, in his fright, was sinking to his knees. At that moment a small, green object, with outstretched arms, came sailing through the air straight at him.

This was too much. The boy had just voice enough to gasp out—"De debbil's come!" And then, dropping his implements, he bounded up and out of the stable and into the inn, roaring out lustily in his dismay. The last words that rang in his ear, as he started, were:—"Give me another horse!"

It is almost unnecessary to add that our friend recovered his parrot. But it would take more than mortal persuasion to convince the little darkey that he did not see the arch-fiend himself. He has quit cleaning horses at night.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"THE BLESSED BABY."

Do you think if I'd a baby
That I'd let him pull my hair?
Do you think I'd pet an cutern
Just for him to yell and tear?
Do you think I'd call a pretty
When he bit his little toe?
Yet I've known some silly mothers
With their babies do just so.
Do you think I'd see him crying
Just to see him tumble down?
Do you think I'd see him walking
Just to see him tumble down?
Would I call my baby pretty
When he'd neither teeth nor hair?
Yet I know some silly mothers
Think their babies wondrous fair.

A PET IN PETTY COURTS.

CUPID IN OLD AGE AND CUPIDITY IN YOUTH.

A SOILED YOUNG DOVE—OYSTER SALOONS AND ASSIGNATION HOUSES—THE AMATORY CORRESPONDENCE OF A GIRL OF FOURTEEN.

At the Court of Special Sessions, Jan. 20th, a case was tried before Judges Dowling and Bixby that had features in it so strange as to elicit from the presiding Judge the observation "that nothing so remarkable had come within the range of his long and varied experience; and had he known that it would have had the developments it turned out to have, he would have given a special day for it, so that there might have been a little more daylight thrown into the dark doings of New York youthful profligacy." The *N. Y. Herald* of the 21st inst. gives a report thereof as follows:—

The defendant at the bar was Thomas Miles, a bar-tender in an up-town drinking saloon, a lean, hungry, Cassius-looking individual, of about forty years, with a bald head, yellow hair (the little he had), gray eyebrows and ferrety eyes. This attractive Adonis, who was clad in a coarse, brown kerseymere suit, had found favor in the dark, sparkling eyes of a young Venus named Adelaide Sarah Colbourn, of 176 Grand street, the complainant in the case. She was a pretty brunette, with an intelligent face, piquant in its expression, and she was neatly attired in clothing with some pretensions to fashion. She was not only pretty, but intelligent, and acute far beyond her years; so much as to baffle the cross-examining powers of a wary counsel, and almost a match for the astute and rapid discernment of Judge Dowling.

The offence for which Miles was arraigned was, nominally, disorderly conduct, but really the sending of an obscene and filthily worded letter to this young lady—so dreadfully gross in its language that it is a satisfaction to think that nothing but a diseased imagination could have had anything to do with its production.

Miss Colbourn, on taking the chair on the stand, assumed an attitude of calm and quiet repose, with her hands in her muff, and serenely awaited the inquiries of the Court.

MISS COLBOURN'S NARRATIVE.

I live at No. 176 Grand street; I have lived there eleven years; I can read writing; I examined the letter through the post; it was directed to me; I heard this man admit that the letter was in his writing; I have read the contents of that letter; I never went to school; I have had an acquaintance with the prisoner; that acquaintance has been going on for two years; he accosted me as I was walking through the Bowery; this was the first time I saw him; he came to me and said that he had overheard two men making up a plan to carry me away; he did not say what they were; I believed it; he spoke very kindly to me and seemed to take great interest in me; I thought he might have children of my age himself, and I believed him; I accompanied him to Mr. Swift's, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, and we went in there and had some oysters; we met again about a week after; it was not by engagement; we met in the street, I think, but I don't exactly remember; he was coming from home; I might have gone to Mr. Swift's; I don't remember; it is an oyster house, in the basement; he seemed to be acquainted there and to be pretty familiar with the waiters; we first had supper and he went home with me; he did attempt liberties with me at Mr. Swift's; he made a certain proposal, but I rejected it with a woman's scorn; he made an insulting proposal to me some time afterwards, but this I also rejected; I think it was in June; he said he only did this to try me; he told Mr. Swift so; I have received several letters previous to this one; some were sent to the house by a boy and some by the post; I did speak to him about the letters before sending such a letter.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Cross-examined by Mr. Howe, who appeared for the defendant—My name is Sarah Colbourn; I lodge and board with my mother at Mrs. Sayers'; we have done so about eleven years; it was in the public street we became acquainted; I have met him very frequently; on the first night we were intimate, but not very intimate; I always kept at a distance from him; I have walked by his side; we have taken pretty long walks; they might be love walks, but the love was not on my side; I don't know that I showed a little womanly deceit; I don't know a lady of the name of Rivers, who resides at No. 30 Lexington avenue; I never was there with him; upon reflection I say so; I don't know Mrs. Wright, of Elizabeth street; I never was there in apartments with Miles; I have been in Elizabeth street; I have visited a girl at 185 Elizabeth street; I know Kitty Day.

Mr. Howe—Did she live with a lady of the name of Lizzie Wright?

Miss Colbourn—I don't know, sir.

"THESE ARE MY PHOTOGRAPHS."

Mr. Howe—Will you kindly look on this picture and on that?

Miss Colbourn (taking the photographs and smilingly handing them to Judge Dowling)—These are my photographs, Judge.

The Judge—Not quite so pretty as the original, I must confess.

Mr. Howe—Did you give these photographs to the defendant?

Miss Colbourn—I dare say I did; I did not ask him to return them; I have had many of my likenesses taken.

Mr. Howe—And have given them away?

Miss Colbourn—And have given them away.

PET'S LOVE LETTERS.

Mr. Howe—You have written some letters to Mr. Mills, I believe?

Miss Colbourn—I have, a good many.

Mr. Howe—You have signed some of these "Pet," I believe?

Miss Colbourn—Yes, sir, I have.

Mr. Howe—Was this because you were pettish, or because you were his pet?

Miss Colbourn—Well, it was the name he used to call me, and, as he seemed to like it, I signed it.

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME.

TOM CRIBB,
THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

TOM CRIBB was born on July 8th, 1781, at Hanham, a township and chapelry in the parish of Bitton, hundred of Langley and Swineshead, Gloucester, on the borders of Somerset, situate about five miles from Bristol, and it is rather a disputed point to which of the counties that are contiguous to Hanham this spot belongs; therefore, whether the honor of giving birth to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND appertains to Gloucestshire or Somersetshire remains at present undecided.

CRIBB left his native home at a very early period, and arrived in the Metropolis when he was no more than thirteen years old, to follow the occupation of a bellhanger, under the guidance of a relative; but the confined situation of hanging bells not exactly meeting his ideas, and being a strong, athletic youth, he preferred an out-door calling, and commenced as porter at the wharfs, during which time he met with two accidents that had nearly deprived him of existence—in stepping from one coal barge to another he fell between them and got jammed in a dreadful manner; and in carrying a heavy package of oranges, very nearly 400lbs. in weight, he slipped down upon his back, and the load fell upon his chest, which occasioned him to spit blood for several days afterwards. By the excellence of his constitution he was soon enabled to recover his strength from those severe accidents; and, aided by the invigorating air of the ocean, upon which, we learn, he had the honor of serving against the enemies of his country, that fine stamina and hardihood got improved for which the name of CRIBB stood almost unrivaled.

With the perception of a general, the fortitude of a hero, and the science of a thoroughbred professor, TOM CRIBB has been enabled to obtain his numerous achievements; and no pugilist whatever entered a ring with more confidence in himself, upon all those trying occasions, than the GREAT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND; his style of fighting (*milling on the retreat*) has been disliked by several amateurs, as savoring more of policy than manliness; but this objection loses all its weight when put into comparison with his game or gluttony, exhibited in every one of his conquests; and it must be observed that he had no brittle jaw to contend with—no apologies for boxers—but every one who has entered the lists with him has possessed considerable pretensions to pugilism, and most of them are of that inordinate appetite that they must have been not only perfectly satisfied, but forcibly convinced of his superiority, ere they could have been induced to pronounce that word, so painful to issue from the lips of brave men—ENOUGH!

The names of his brave competitors render any further comment upon that head unnecessary:—

GEORGE MADDOX, JAMES BELCHER (*twice*),
TOM BLAKE, HOLTON,
IKEY PIG, BEN GERRISON.
RICHMOND, MOLINEAUX (*twice*),
AND NICHOLS;

Notwithstanding the superlative excellence of the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, he has in more than one instance been considered indebted to good fortune in being pronounced the victor on the principle of being faithful reporters, we should "nothing extenuate, or set down ought in malice; but speak of one"—of whom every anecdote must prove highly interesting and acceptable to the fancy in general; in the first contest with Jem Belcher, before the strength of Jem's right hand had left him, the battle was saved to CRIBB by the following manœuvre of Bill Warr—the odds were 5 to one on Belcher, and while Gulley, who seconded Jem, was offering the above odds to Warr, at the conclusion of a round, when CRIBB had received so severe a blow that he could not come to time, Warr, on accepting the bet, insisted that the money should be posted, and by this stratagem gained more than a minute, sufficient time for such a glutton as CRIBB perfectly to recover in. And in the nineteenth round with Molineaux, when the Moor had seized CRIBB so fast that he could not extricate himself from his grasp, and which was only effected by some persons breaking into the ring to separate the combatants, during which one of the fingers of Molineaux either got broke or much injured, when soon afterwards CRIBB fell in so exhausted a state from the severe fibbing which he had received that the limited time had expired before he was able to renew the contest, and Sir Thomas Appreece, one of the umpires, cried out "time! time!" but his second, Richmond, not noticing the circumstance, CRIBB recovered and won the battle.

From the placid demeanor of the CHAMPION, it appears he was never engaged in many skirmishes; and the contests in which he has proved so conspicuous have taken place on the principles of professed boxing, and in some measure peculiar to himself; if then, he may be termed a slow fighter, he is generally accounted a sure hitter; his skill and judgment are good; his wind of the first quality; and supported with a bottom spirit never excelled. With such sound pugnistic pretensions, it cannot appear surprising that he had milled his way to fame and honor; and lest any more in this place might prove ill-timed or superfluous, his actions will best speak for themselves, and we shall commence with his first public set-to with that veteran of fistic glory,

George Maddox, never afraid and always ready, entered the lists with Tom Cribb, on Wood Green, near Highgate, January 7th, 1806, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas—twenty for the winner and five for the loser. The disparity of years was considerable between the combatants; and Cribb, besides possessing the advantages of youth, was two inches taller than Maddox and consequently rather the favorite. Paddington Jones was the second of Maddox, and Black Sam attended Cribb in the same capacity. George fought like a hero and performed prodigies of valor; and it was with great reluctance that he consented to GIVE IN. In the above contest it was *gluttion* against *glutton*, and *bottom* against *bottom*, Cribb contending with all the fire of youth and a stamina pure and untouched, trying hard for the honor of victory; while Maddox, with all the experience of a veteran pugilist, anxious to preserve his well earned reputation in not being overcome by a *novice*, contested every inch of ground for two hours and ten minutes, with a perseverance and resolution almost beyond the power of human nature. Maddox fell gloriously; and Cribb, by this conquest, soon acquired a pugilistic fame hitherto obscured and unknown.

On February 15th, 1805, Cribb entered the list with Tom Blake, for a subscription purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath. Richmond and Joe Norton were seconds to the former, and the latter was attended by Dick Hall and Webb. Both the combatants underwent training for a month; and betting was even, but Cribb rather the favorite. It proved a most excellent contest and Blake was not conquered without great difficulty and exertion, and continued upwards of an hour. From the scientific display of Cribb in this battle he began to claim considerable attention among the amateurs.

Ikey Pig, a heavier and stronger man than Cribb, contended with him for a subscription purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath, on May 21st, 1805. Paddington Jones seconded Cribb, and the Jew had for his attendant Bill Wood. Ikey made good use of his strength and *k-nocked* his opponent several times; but Cribb's caution, bottom and science proved too much for the Jew, who gave in, much to the regret and loss of his followers.

The success of these contests had rendered Cribb somewhat conspicuous, who was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with George Nicholls, for a subscription purse of £25, at Blackwater, 32 miles from London, on Saturday, July 20th, 1805, made up by the amateurs, to compensate them for their loss of time in being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the Game Chicken and Gulley. Tom Jones seconded Nicholls and Bill Hall was the second to Cribb. The odds upon *setting-to* were greatly on the side of Cribb, who was the favorite; but Nicholls was aware of Cribb's method of fighting, and fought him after the style of Big Ben, in his contest with Tom Johnson. Nicholls, like a skilful general armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feint of the enemy, the system of *milling on the retreat*, which CRIBB had hitherto practiced with so much success, in this instance failed; the coolness and good temper of Nicholls appeared so predominant throughout the fight that not only his fortitude was preserved, but added vigor to his judgment, which rendered him, either in the attack or in defending his position, a steady and decisive fighter. Cribb became rather puzzled and perplexed from the tactics being thus foiled, the advantages that he derived in the former contests by drawing his opponents after him, and then *punishing* and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to have the effect of making their *distances* incorrect (consequently their blows were frequently thrown away, and generally too feeble to do any execution, from his ingenious mode of fighting), with Nicholls was rendered unavailing. George would not suffer Cribb to play round him, whereby his operations might become confused, but a guard like Ben's, firm in the extreme, his appearance was towering and impregnable. Nicholls was never induced to quit his position without putting in a tremendous *hit*, waiting with the utmost skill for the temerity of his opponent, and then giving the *return* with a *severity* almost unparalleled. George scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluded the round with a *knock down blow*. Nicholls was a tremendous hard hitter, and his one, two rendered him truly formidable. The *science* and ability displayed by Nicholls in this contest completely astonished the sporting world, many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found out that they had not procured it at a trifling expense.

The odds were considerably in favor of Cribb at setting-to, from the *gluttony* he had displayed in the abovementioned battles; and Nicholls had fought but once before with Paddington Jones, which contest was considered nothing more than a drawn battle, and who did not stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs as his opponent, though notwithstanding his character was admitted thorough bred. The first round was well contested, and good specimens of the art were manifested, upon both sides; but Nicholls, with a tremendous *hit*, knocked down Cribb. In the second and third the advantages might be termed reciprocal; but, in the fourth round, Cribb put in a terrible blow under Nicholls' right eye, that made it twinkle again; yet it by no means disturbed his method of fighting, and he kept his temper wonderfully.

The following rounds to the eighteenth were well contested, and though one of Cribb's eyes was nearly closed up, the amateurs were not fickle in their opinions, and still looked upon him as an object that might be betted on with success. In the various rounds after this period, till about the forty-second, the science and adroitness of Cribb were excellent, and his rallies most courageous and formidable. Nicholls now became the hero of the scene, and showed himself of in good style by exhibiting gaiety and confidence, and putting in his one, two with considerable effect. Cribb, at this period of the fight, became much distressed and endeavored to recover his wind and strength with his usual ingenuity—fought very shy and had recourse to shifting; but as he was dead beaten, his distances became incorrect, and he fell several times, from endeavoring to make his blows tell; but still his *game* was prime, and he protracted the fight while a single chance remained, and the amateurs still fancied him and sported upon his head with firmness; but all the manœuvres of Cribb were unavailing, and, in the fifty-second round, he was compelled to utter the reluctant sound—ENOUGH!

However, let it be recollected that Cribb lost this battle during his novitiate; at a time when he was considered little more than a *bottom* man and a promising young fighter, and that even his most sanguine friends at that period had not a distant idea of his possessing that greatness of pugilistic talent which has since been promulgated, and so eminently placed him as the proud and enviable Champion of England; but it is the opinion of the best-informed pugilists,

Odor or persuasion made no odds to Tom, and he now entered the ring with Richmond, for a match of twenty-five guineas, on October 8th, 1805, at Hailsham, in Sussex. The solidarity of the deportment of the one, and the singular movements of the other, created much sport; and in fact it could scarcely be called a fight, and was considered an unequal match, although an hour and a half elapsed before victory was declared in favor of Cribb, who was little, if any, the worse of the contest.

Cribb was now getting fast into notice as a pugilist of rare pretensions, and Captain Barclay, who perceived those hitherto hidden qualities in him, took Tom into training and matched him for two hundred guineas with Jem Belcher, which took place at Moulsey Hurst on the 8th of April, 1807, in a twenty feet roped ring. Gulley and Watson were the seconds to Belcher, and Cribb was attended by Will Warr and Richmond. Odds, six to four on Jem.

Round 1. Considerable science was displayed by both the combatants upon setting-to, when Belcher planted two hits right and left upon the head and body of his opponent, which were returned slightly by Cribb, who rallied and closed and was thrown by Belcher.

2. Belcher put in two severe blows upon Cribb's head and body, when the latter returned a hit, but stopped down upon his hands in attempting to follow it up. Cribb showed the first blood.

3. Several severe blows were exchanged, when Cribb threw Belcher, who planted a heavy body blow while in the act of falling. This round rather in favor of Cribb.

4. Cribb displayed good science in warding off two blows of Belcher's, when they closed and fell.

5. Belcher, with his right hand, put in a dreadful blow on Cribb's left eye, and, in closing, hit his opponent twice in the body and threw him. Five to two on Belcher

6. Cribb began to show symptoms of weakness; Belcher put in a hit, warding off which caused Cribb to fall.

7. Belcher's punishment was now visible on the body of Cribb, who endeavored to put in two blows, which were parried by Belcher, and Jem returned both right and left with great dexterity and rallied his man to the ropes, when Cribb came to them and fell much fatigued; Belcher also went down on his knees, but seemed in good spirits. Three to one on Jem.

8. The blood flowed profusely from Cribb; hitting and retreating weakly; when they closed and both went down.

9. Belcher hit his adversary right and left, but only the latter told, when Jem fell.

10. Belcher commenced this round with great spirit and gave Cribb some severe blows without letting him have a chance, following and rallying his opponent to the ropes, when Cribb, appearing quite fatigued, fell. The odds now rose four to one on Belcher.

11. Belcher planted two hits, which Cribb skillfully warded off, but Belcher was so rapid in closing upon his antagonist that they both went down.

12. A small change was now making its appearance between the combatants; Cribb seemed rather gaining his strength, while Belcher appeared rather distressed; when Cribb rallied successfully, planted a hit under Belcher's parfect eye, closed, and threw him.

13. Belcher, in all his contests, never showed himself to greater advantage than in this round; his skill was of the finest order and only equalled by his courage; in closing Belcher threw Cribb.

14. Both on the alert and "eager for the fray." Belcher hit right and left, which were parried by Cribb, who returned two blows in the body, when they closed and fell. Still four to one on Belcher.

15 Belcher, full of gaiety, rallied Cribb to the extremity of the ring, and, in struggling, put an end to the round.

16. Cribb now convinced the spectators that he possessed considerable more science than they were aware of and stopped Belcher's blows with great skill. The knowing ones were at this period of the battle, rather at a standstill with regard to their money—Cribb, it was certain, by his appearance, had received severe punishment, but not enough to satisfy anything like his gluttony; and Belcher's stamina had been considered on the decline previous to this contest and it was apprehended that he could not last long.

17. Belcher, still confident, rallied his adversary, who fell from fatigue. Two to one on Belcher.

18. Belcher put in some dreadful blows in the body and a terrible thrust in the throat of his opponent, and followed him up with such spirit and rapidity that Cribb fell violently and quite exhausted, and to all appearance as if he would be able to come again in time. It was in this round that Belcher sprained his wrist, and was nearly deprived of the use of his right hand afterwards. Five to one on Belcher.

19. Belcher slipped in making play.

20. The combatants closed and fell.

21. Cribb planted two blows on his opponent's head, who slipped in returning them. It was now perceived that Belcher proved incorrect in his distances, and that several of his blows were thrown away, from the bad state of his eye.

22 and 23. Belcher, full of gaiety, put in a good hit, and threw Cribb a cross-buttock.

24. Cribb the most conspicuous in the round, when they closed and fell.

25. Cribb put in a tremendous blow, and, in attempting to follow it up, Belcher slipped and Cribb ran himself down. A little disappobation expressed, but the generality exclaimed, "Fair! fair!"

26. The constitution of Belcher was now giving way; his strength was not able to resist the heavy punishment of Cribb, who hit Jem from him and gave him a leveler. Cribb upon this became the favorite.

27. A well contested round, and, notwithstanding Belcher gave Cribb a cross buttock, it was considered in favor of the latter.

28. Belcher made a hit, which was warded off by his opponent and returned, when they closed and fell.

29. Without hesitation Cribb closed, and, from his uncommon strength, threw Belcher over the ropes.

30. Both exchanged a blow, when, with a very weak hit, Belcher went down. Five to two on Cribb.

31. A good round, without any particular advantage to either; though Cribb put in the most blows, yet Belcher gave his adversary a violent fall.

32. Both old and fell.

33 Belcher, quite game, endeavored to make the best of it, but Cribb rallied and threw him.

34, 35 and 36. In all these rounds Cribb maintained the superiority.

37. Belcher had scarcely any strength left to stand, and his brave opponent was not in a much better state; and from this period to the 44th it was little better than mere hugging—blows they could not be called, from the exhausted state of both the combatants—and they fell in an irregular manner.

45 and last. Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and Cribb, proving the stronger man, put in two weak blows and rallied, when Belcher, quite exhausted, fell upon the ropes and gave up the contest.

From the above victory Cribb rose rapidly into fame—his real qualities were hitherto unknown, and he had been viewed principally as a glutton of the first class, with a bottom unimpeached: but now his pretensions unfolded themselves, and the amateurs were completely surprised at his display and improvement in the science—his distances were well judged, and he stopped with great dexterity and neatness; and had he proved a quicker hitter, the contest might have sooner been decided.

TO BE CONTINUED.

QUOITING.

CHAMPION QUOITING MATCH.
WALKINSHAW DEFEATS GRAHAM.

The great match at quoits for the championship of Britain and £200, between R. Walkinshaw, of Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, Champion of Scotland, and George Graham, Champion of England, was decided at Melaugh's grounds, Glasgow, on Monday, January 24, in the presence of about five thousand spectators. Robert Walkinshaw was born in 1832, at New Biggings, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. Stands 5ft. 9½in., weighs 14st., and is known throughout the entire kingdom as the "Carlops Tailor." He has figured in various branches of Scottish sports, and holds several medals for curling and one medal for pole vaulting. In quoiting, his first appearance for money was against D. Bock, of Kirkcaldy, whom he defeated twice, each match being for £20; beat D. Penman, of Dunfermline, £10 a side; beat C. Duncan, of Dunfermline, £20 a side; beat R. Campbell, of Dunfermline, £10 a side; played in 1860-61 four games, each for £20 a side, with R. Kirkland, Champion of Ayrshire, each winning a couple, but Walkinshaw, gaining the last event, was styled Champion. In 1861 he beat W. M'Greger, of South Shields, two off-hand matches, for £10 and £20 respectively. In the same year played W. Lindsay, of Glasgow, for £50 a side, a couple of matches, one in Edinburgh, which Walkinshaw won, and the other, in Glasgow, was credited to Lindsay; but the score of both counting, Wilkinshaw thereby became champion of Scotland; and in the following year again defeated W. Lindsay, for £100. Whittaker, of Salford, had to yield to the "Tailor," in 1863, when he played for the championship and £200. He again met his old opponent, M'Gregor, in 1864, at Hyll, for £100, when Walkinshaw won as he liked, the score being 61 against 5. We may here add that the whole of the above matches were at 21 yards. In 1867 Walkinshaw made his first attempt at 18 yards, and was successful in a closely-contested game with Whittaker, for £50 a side, he winning by four shots. Met W. Lindsay again in the following year, for £50 a side, at Govan, Glasgow, the opponents receiving five points start; but the game being disputed, the stakes were increased to £200, Lindsay receiving two points less than in the former match. Walkinshaw was again successful, the score being 61 against 53. Besides his matches Walkinshaw has been very successful in nearly all quoiting handicaps and games which he has competed at in Scotland, being the holder of the Scottish Champion Prize Gold Medal, presented in 1859, when he defeated the then champion, A. Gillespie, and many others of note; and he has also gained the silver medal presented by Sheriff Bell, of Lanarkshire, to the St. Ronan Border Games. George Graham was born in Sunderland in 1835, stands 5ft. 10in., and scales about 14st. Having a love for the sea, at 20 years of age he became a sailor, and for nine years he followed that profession. He then settled on shore, but only for a short period, as he again took to sea, where he remained for about a year. Since then he has resided in England, and latterly has appeared as a publican near London. In early life he had a great partiality for quoiting, so after he became a landsman the old love returned, and we soon find him matched with Sam Teasdale, of London, whom he defeated for a small stake. Lewis, of London, followed and had to yield, the stake being £10. He was then beaten by Slater, of London, for £15 a side. Was beaten by J. Drysdale, of London, £10 a side; beat Jack Simpson, of Deptford, £15 a side; won £25 sweepstakes, his opponents being Simpson, Cook, Selby and Frost; beaten by Noble Parkinson, of Manchester, for £10 a side; beat Simpson, his old opponent, twice, for £30 and £40 respectively; defeated N. Parkinson, £25 a side. In company with his brother Charley, defeated Selby and Brace at Roydon, in a double handed match, for £10 a side; beat W. Lambert at Leeds, for £50 a side; beat W. Whittaker, of Salford, for the London Championship and £100 in Oct. last, the score being 81 against 58. Graham has figured prominently in a great many handicaps, and by his upright manner in all sporting matters has gained troops of friends.

The match originated from a challenge issued by Graham in October last, and the conditions were 21 points up, 18 yards distance, 8½ inch quoits, stiff-sticking ends, pins level with clay, all clay cleared away at measurement and the quoits nearest top of pin only to count. At 10.40 Graham led off, but Walkinshaw took the lead with a single, the next two heads falling to the Londoner for three—a double and a single. Walkinshaw broke with one, but the three following singles were scored to Graham. 6 to 5 offered on Walkinshaw. The eighth and ninth heads resulted in a single to each. Walkinshaw followed with a single, a double and a single. "Peels," 7 each. Walkinshaw to the 17th head had a run—a double and four singles. The 18th resulted in a draw. Graham then had a single, whilst Walkinshaw made four in the three succeeding heads. Score—Walkinshaw, 17; Graham, 8. The 23d head Graham had a quoit to the pin head, but again Walkinshaw came and had a double and a single. Graham then made a double, the Scotchman in the next two heads gaining a couple of doubles; but Graham followed with a double and a single. Score, 30th head—Walkinshaw, 24; Graham, 14. The lead in the play was still maintained by the Londoner, the 31st falling to him with his pair of quoits; but the next two counted three for his opponent, Graham again coming with a double and a single. From the 35th to the 40th heads the ends fell alternately to each, with singles. Score—Walkinshaw, 30; Graham, 21. The next three heads Graham added five, Walkinshaw breaking with a single, Graham following with a couple of singles. Walkinshaw then had a single, Graham a double, followed by his opponent with a couple of doubles. Score, 50th head—Walkinshaw, 36; Graham, 30. During the next 10 heads Walkinshaw made six more than his antagonist, the score being at the 60th 46 against 34; whilst at the 70th head the Englishman had reduced the gap between him and Walkinshaw by one. Score, 51 against 45. It may be here worthy of remark that the 66th head was the worst played in the game, the quoits all lying wide. Walkinshaw now had a run of seven heads, two doubles and five singles, when Graham broke, three singles falling to him. Score, 80th head, Walkinshaw, 60; Graham, 43. The Englishman continued his run for the next five heads, four singles and a double; Walkinshaw then broke and five singles was the result. Score, 90th head—Walkinshaw, 65; Graham, 49. After each scoring a single, the Scotchman then took two singles, Graham following with one. A single to Graham and four doubles to his opponent brought the score up at the 100th head to 76 against 52. The 100th head brought the game to a finish, in utter darkness, at 5.19 P. M., Graham having got three for the Scotchman's five, one head being drawn. Total score—Walkinshaw, 81; Graham, 55. The victor's quoits weighed 22lb 8 oz. the pair, and his opponent's 21 lb. 2. T. Ferguson, of London, officiated as referee and gained golden opinions by his uprightness. Bob Scott, of London, was director for Graham, and Tom Osprey performed a like office for Walkinshaw.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

TEXO. M. BROWN.—Solution and other things noted. They shall be noted upon the receipt to-day of same. It is difficult to understand why Captain M. should so persistently refuse to play you.

F. EUGENE BAKEMORE.—Well done! and welcome! Our score, thus far. The proposed budget of games will be most welcome. The CLIPPER's best year will be a strong one indeed.

CHAS. A. GILMORE.—Many thanks for the beautiful pamphlet of the Brooklyn Chess Club. Exquisite is not too strong a term by which to designate the little brochure.

WM. A. SHIERMAN.—Thank you for the very valuable contributions; they shall be used. You are first in with Essig. 6th.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Making the change suggested, "C. P." "Coz" Prob. 700 (duly):—

1. Q to her 5 +	K to her	8. K to Kt7	K to Q sq
2. Q K-B 7	K-home	9. R-R8	K-home
3. Q-B 8 +	K to her	10. R-R 5	K-B sq
4. K × P	K-B sq (a)	11. Kt-K B4	K-home
5. R-Q 5	K-home	12. Q-R 4 +	K-B sq
6. K-Kt 6	K-B sq	13. R-R 7 +	Kt × R
7. R-Kt 8	K-home	14. Kt-Kt 6 +	Kt × Kt m.

(a) Play as Black may here, his Pth move clear:—K to his sq. According to your request, we give Brown's sol. of 700, as it was:—

1. R to Kt 8 +	Kt to B 3	9. Q to B 7	K to R sq
2. K-K 8	K-home	10. Q-B 4 +	K-Q sq
3. Q-K 6 +	K-Q sq (a)	11. Kt-B 4	K-home
4. R-B 7	P-R 5	12. Q-K 6 +	Kt × Q
5. Q-her 6 +	K-home	13. R-R 8 +	K-B sq
6. R-K 7 +	K-B sq	14. R-K 7 +	Kt × R
7. K-Q Kt 7 +	K-home	15. Kt-Kt 6 +	Kt × Kt,
8. Q-K 6 +	Q-K sq (b)	Checkmate.	
	(a) Kt-K sq	9. Q to her 7 +	K to R sq
4. Q to B 5 +	Kt-K sq	10. Q-Q 8 +	K × Q
5. R-K Kt 6	P-R 6	11. R-B 7 +	K-B sq
6. Q-B 5 +	Kt-B 3	12. R-K 7 +	Kt × R
7. R-K B 6	K-home	13. Kt-Kt 6 +	Kt × Kt,
8. R-Kt 8 +	Kt × R	Mate.	

(b) If 8...K to B sq, 9. Q to B 8 + K-Q sq 10. Q-B 5 + Kt-Q 3 and as from 11...(a.)

And lastly, to complete the record, F. H. Curtiss proposes this:—

1...R to B 7 +	Kt × B	6. Q to B 6	P to Kt 8
2. R (B 6) × Kt	K-home	7. R (B 7)-Q 7 +	K-home
3. Q-K 6 +	K-B sq	8. Q-K 6 +	K-B sq
4. R-R 8	P-R 6	9. Q-Kt 8 +	Q, or B, × Q,
5. Kt-Kt 2	P × Kt	Checkmate.	

Is there a folly!

GEO. F. COZZENS.—"G. E. C" solves No. 703 and says:—"It is a beauty. If the author has any more such elegant positions pass 'em right along." So say we.

DISCOLORATOR.—In Prob. No. 701 the Rook *should be White*.

"A BLACK PAWN at K 4th in Prob. No. 69, would present a choice of 2 moves for White," observeth our correspondent "W. A. S."

Corrections of Alexandre, No. 23.

BY E. B. C.

PROBLEM NO. 35.—DOLLINGER.

It is probable that "*une le Pion à 2*," has been omitted, since White has several ways of winning in three moves. A neater rendering would be:—

WHITE.—King at Q R 7; Queen at K Kt 6; Bishops at Q sq, and K B 8; Pawns at Q R 2, Q Kt 5, and Q 5th.

BLACK.—King at Q Kt 4; Knights at Q Kt 5, and Q B 6; Pawn at Q R 4th.

White to play and give mate with a Pawn in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 36.—IDEM.

1...R to K 3 + and 1...R × B + lead equally to mate in three. To obviate this defect omit the Rook from at K 5, place Queen on K 4 and remove White Bishop to K R 6th. The sameness of the ideas in many of Dollinger's problems may be seen by comparing this puerile production with Nos. 28, 32, 34, and 35.

PROBLEM NO. 37.—IDEM. *Faulty.*

In the given solution Kt can mate on two squares; and 1...B × P + wins, as well as 1...Q × P +. Remove White Kt from K 5, to 2Bth.

PROBLEM NO. 38.—DOLLINGER.

WHITE.—King at Q R 6; Queen at her B 4; Bishop at K Kt 4; Kt at Q Kt 4; Pawns at Q Kt 5 and 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q Kt sq; Queen at her Kt 7; Rooks at K B sq and K B 3; Pawns at Q B 4, K Kt 6 and K R 7th.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect.—The *variations* springing from Black's refusal to capture Queen are quite easily. They are correctly represented in the following version:—

WHITE.—King at Q B 3; Queen at her B 4; Rooks at Q B 3 and K R 7; Bishop at Q B sq; Kts at Q 5; Pawn at Q Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q Kt sq; Queen at K B 2; Rooks at Q R 8 and K B sq; Bishop at K R 6th.

White mates in three moves.

This problem is only another version of No. 33.

PROBLEM NO. 39.—IDEM.

Compare No. 35.

PROBLEM NO. 40.—IDEM.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 8; Rooks at Q Kt 5 and Q B sq; Knights at Q 7 and K B 5; Pawns at Q R 4 and 6 and Q B 4th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 3; Queen at home; Pawn at Q 4th.

White mates in three moves.

This may be more easily rendered as follows:—

WHITE.—King at Q R 6; Rooks (as above); Bishop at K 8; Knight at Q 7; Pawn at Q B 4th.

BLACK.—As above.

White mates in three.

The following version is, perhaps, more difficult, and otherwise finer than the author's:—

WHITE.—King at his 2; Rooks at Q Kt 5 and Q B 3; Bishop at K sq; Knights at Q 7 and K B 6; Pawn at Q B 4th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 3; Queen at home; Knight at K B 2; Pawns at Q R and Q 4th.

White mates in three moves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TELEGRAPHIC CHESS MATCH is arranged to be played between Baltimore and Brooklyn.

Enigma No. 705.

From the "Seaforth Expositor."

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

at Q B sq, Q sq, K R 8, Q B 2, Q 2, Q R 2, Q B 6 K B 4th.

at Q 6th, at Q B 3d, at K B 4th.
White to play and give mate in six moves.

Problem No. 705.

BY F. H. C.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 705.

Partie in one of the *Café Europa's* Tourneys, between Mr. Delmar and Capt. Mackenzie.—*Era.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack. Delmar.	Defence. Mackenzie.	Attack. Delmar.	Defence. Mackenzie.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Q Kt to K 3	P to K R 4
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17...P-R 5	Q P-Kt sq
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	18. Q-B 3	Q-K 3
4...Castles	K Kt-B 3	19. Q Kt-B 5	Q-K 3
5. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	20. P-K Kt 4 (*c*)	R P × P
6. P-K R 3	Q B-K 3	21. B-K Kt 3	Q-K Kt 4
7. K Kt-K t 5	B-her 3	22. Q R-Kt sq	K Kt-B 5
8. Q B-K 3	K B-Kt 3	23...P-Q B 4 (*d*)	Q P × P
9. Q Kt-Q 2	P-K R 3	24. Q P × P	Q × B P
10. K Kt-B 3	B P × B	25. P × B P	Q Q-Q 4
11. Q Kt-B 4	P-K Kt 4 (*a*)	26. Q-her Kt 2	K R-his 7
12. Q-her 3	Castles, Q R	27...Q R-K 4	Q-her 6
13. Q B × B	R P × B	28. Q-her Kt sq	B R × Kt
14. K Kt-K 2	P-Q 4 (*b*)	29. Q × Q, and	Defence mated
15...K P × P	K P × P	in three moves.	

(*a*) This advance, generally so hazardous, is here particularly well-timed, and at once gives Capt. M.'s position the advantage.

(*b*) This again adds much to the strength of the Defence.

(*c*) He would have acted more prudently in retreating the Kt—observes Capt M.

(*d*) Loses a Pawn for nothing; by advancing Q P he would, probably, have won one.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 37.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. RADCLIFFE AND STEWART.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Black. Radcliffe.	White. Stewart.	Black. Radcliffe.	White. Stewart.
1...12 to 16	21 to 19	13...2 to 18	21 to 14
2...8 12	27 24	19...7 11	14 10
3...15 19	32 28	20...11 16	10 7
4...11 15	23 18	21...16 19	7 3
5...15 22	25 18	22...19 23	27 18
6...4 8	29 25	23...23 27	3 7
7...10 14	18 15	24...27 32	7 3
8...7 10	26 24	25...32 27	3 10
9...9 13	31 26 (*a*)	26...27 31	14 14
10...5 9	18 14	27...31 26	10 9
11...8 14	24 19	28...16 11 (*b*)	15 24
12...14 17	21 14	29...5 14	30 26
13...10 17	23 14 (*b*)	30...13 16	24 23
14...1 5	26 23	31...14 18	23 14
15...17 22	26 17	32...11 15	26 23
16...11 18	14 (*c*) 23...8 14		26 19
17...6 10	15 9	34...12 16	27 31

Drawn.

(*a*) 21 to 26 is stronger. (*b*) 19 to 16 is perfectly safe. (*c*) "Different." (*d*) All the same.

Solution of Position No. 71.—Vol. XVII.

BY D. O'KEEFE.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1...79 to 26	19 to 28	5...30 to 23	21 to 30
2...21 17	14 21	4...14 7	27 and wins.

Solution of Position No. 72.—Vol. XVII.

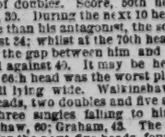
BY D. O'KEEFE.

White.	Black.
1...11 to 7	14 to 11
2...23 18	27 18	5...18 to 6 and draws.

Position No. 73, Vol. 17.

BY I. D. J. S.

BLACK.

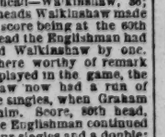


WHITE.
Black to move and draw.

Position No. 74, Vol. 17.

BY C. UDDERWOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and draw.

FAST COOPERATION.—Thomas N. Carruthers, a cooper employed in the village of Medina, N. Y., made in one week 365 ten hoop apple barrels, and there are parties there who will back the above cooper for any amount, that he can make 450 ten hoop apple barrels in one week, work ten hours per day, and shave his hoops as he uses them. Any person doubting the truth of the above can ascertain particulars by addressing Frank McMurphy, Medina, Orleans County, N. Y.

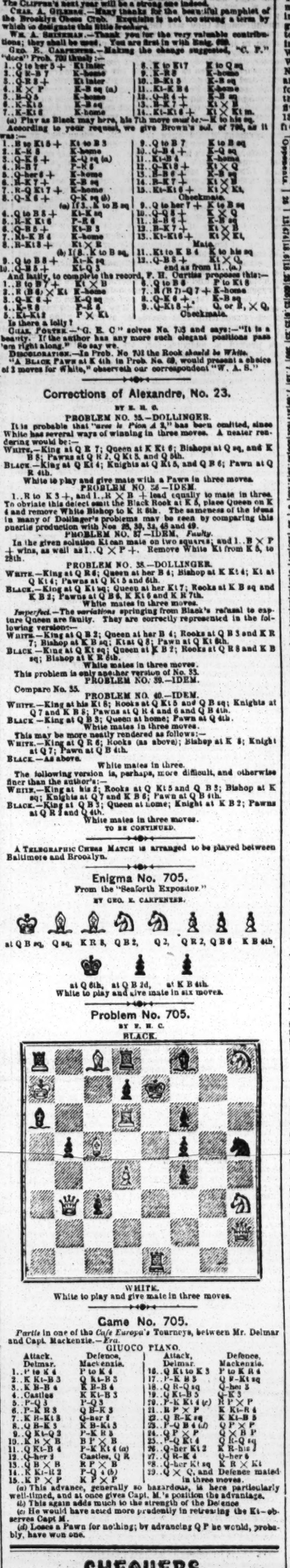
THE N. Y. MASQUERADE CLUB give their fifth ball at Apollo Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9th. Many of the devotees of Terpsichore who like to take their pleasures *en masque* will, doubtless, enlist under the command of Colonel Perrero. We acknowledge receipt of an invite.

BASE BALL.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGE.

NATIONAL B. B. C., OF WASHINGTON.

Below we give our annual average for this noted club. They have been arranged by that fine scorer, Joe Y. Potts. This club is especially noted for being the pioneer club to make a western trip. During the season they have played in 98 matches, winning 78 and losing 13. They have lost games with the "Red Stockings," Olympics, of Washington, (4), Athletic (2), "Haymakers" (2), Jefferson, of Washington, Maryland, Mutual and Atlantic clubs—total, 13. Won games from the Olympic, of Washington, Union, of Washington (3), Jefferson, of Washington (4), Oriental, of New York (2), Mutual, Keystone, Excelsior, of Brooklyn, and Bckford clubs—total, 78. Their game with the Bckford Club, October 8th, was the finest ever witnessed in that city, nine innings being played in one hour and fifty-five minutes, the score being 5 to 2 in their favor, with 13 "goose egg" innings. The averages are made simply from their games with convention clubs, and are:—


Total Runs.
Played.
Won.
No. of times.
Average.
Decimal.
No. of times.
Average.
Decimal.
Innings played.
Outs.
Runs.
Games.
Innings.
Clean.
Blank.
Left on.
Out on.
Run out.
Home Runs.
Struck out.
Wild throws.
Passed balls.
Muffs not otherwise scored.
Caught.
Missed.
Caught.
Missed.
Fly.
Foul.
Balls.
Strikes.
Bases on Called Balls.
Blank Innings.
Largest No.
Games without.
Largest.
Smallest.
Largest.
Times double figures scored.
Double plays.
PLAYED.
BASES RUN OF RECORD.
BLANK INNINGS.
SCORED.
BASES ON BALLS.
PUTS OUT.
BY CATCH.
BY FOUL BALLS.
BY STRIKES.
BY FORCE.
BY THROW.
BY TOUCH.
BY FLY.
BY FOUL.
BY STRIKES.
BY FORCE.
BY THROW.
BY TOUCH.
BY FLY.
BY FOUL.
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BY TOUCH.
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BY FOUL.
BY STRIKES.
BY FORCE.
BY THROW.
BY TOUCH.
BY FLY.
BY FOUL.
BY STRIKES.
BY FORCE.
BY THROW.
BY TOUCH.
BY FLY.
BY FOUL.
B

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Aymar, Albert F.
Arlington, Chas.
Adams, Theo.
Adams Edwin
Armstrong, Wm. J.
Ashton, Theo V.
Buckley, G. Swaine
Burton, W. C.
Bennett, Frank (3)
Benton, Frank
Battersby, John
Burk, Sept.
Bourne, Thos.
Berry, J. S.
Bull, Ole
Burnell, Geo. B.
Barclay, Fred.
Blood, Harry
Ball, Chas.
Bidau, Gustave (3)
Brooks, J. L.
Bernard, O. G.
Boswell, Wm. A.
Cummings, J. H.
Clark, Geo. M. (2)
Clarke, Kit
Chapin, Lon
Cobb, Willis
Covert, Bernard
Canfield, Jean
Carter, Billy
Craven, Stuart
De Marble, Dick A.
Denier, John (2)
De Noti, Chas. E.
De Vere, G. F.
Florence, W.
Fisher, Chas.
Forepaugh, Adam (2)
Fabian, John
Francis, Sig.
Fleming, J. S.
Fox, Eddy
French, J. M.
Gibbonoise, Santiago
Gavan, D. K.
Gleason, Chas. P
Gray, George
Griffin, T. F.
Gaylor, Chas.
Gaylord, Geo.
Gaylord, Lew
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gorman, Dick
Gary, Harry
Hall, Frank
Hartley, Jas. F.
Hill, Geo. A
Henry, W. H
Hanley, M. W.
Harrison, W. B.
Jordan J. G. (2)
King, Clem.
Keegan, Johnny
Kendall, E. P. (2)
Kunz, J. Clemens
Lewis
Lingard, Wm. H.
Lavake, Wm
Leslie, Frank
Lockwood, R. S. (7)
Mack, Joe
Marneille, Geo. W.
Melville, Chas.
Manzie, Geo. W.
McCollum, Matt. (2)
Miers, Chas.
Marshall H. A.
Murray, Dominick
Morton, J. H.
Murphy, Joe
Morton, Mr.
Marcellus, Geo. W.
Montez, Le Roy
Mayo, Lorenzo Sir.
Marshall, W. J.
Nelcourt, Henri (2)
North, Levi J.
Noyes, Chas.
Nugent, J. E.
Newcomb, Bobby
Nickle, Robt.
Newcomb, W. W.
Naylor, F. B.
Owens, John E.
Purcell, Mr.
Phelps, A. R.
Paul, Howard
Peak Family
Pendy, Johnny
Pewers, Geo. W.
Peterslien, W.
Peak, Eddie S.
Rice, Dan
Rupert, Edwin (2)
Rollin, Sig.
Rebel, Joseph P.
Robinson, John (2)
Rooney, Jas. S.
Spaulding, W. P.
Smith, Chas. E. (2)
Scollay, Louis
Stewart, G. W.
San Marco, Arlin
Stewart, Geo. W.
Shaw, John
Stone & Murray
Sweatnam, Wm P. (2)
Stevenson, Geo.
Sherwood, Jas.
Steere, L. M. W.
Shappie & Whitney
Small, Col.
Sanford, S. S.
Stone, Den.
Snow, Wm A.
Thorne, Chas. R. Jr. (2)
Talbot, Harry (2)
Thompson, Sid.
Tanyer, Dr.
Taylor, Jas.
Turner, Wm. C
Two Brothers
Vanzandt, Abraham
Vernon, J. K.
W. L. (4)
Wood, Jno D.
Warfield, Tom
Wheeler, S. O.
Wren, Oliver
Walters, Joseph,
Weaver, Dick
Wight, T. S.
Wilbers, J. G.
Wall, Harry
Wood, A. G.
Wallace, H.
Augusta, Mlle (2)
Boshell, Ada
Cooper, Pauline
Cavender, Leona
De Lee, Lulu
De Lamoine, M. C. (2)
Denin, Kate
Deaves, Annie
Eagan, Mrs. H. W.
Edgerton, Grace
Evers, Malvina (2)
Eldridge, Sallie E.
Gregory, Miss
Irving, Louise
Johnson, Miss Gipsey
Logan, Olive
Lacette, Catharine
Lucille, Rosetta
Macarie, Mad.
Meimer, Fannie
Moore, Carrie A. (2)
Porter, Jennie
Raymond, Kate
Scott, Elise
Sanford, Mrs.
Vernon, Kate
Whicher, Emilie
Weber, Lisa
Wood, Rose
Watson, Hattie
Washburn, Emma

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

ROSA CROW.

One Sunday morning early
I dressed from top to toe,
And slowly down the meadows,
By the river, I did go;
And there I met Miss Rosa,
Decked out so very neat
With ribbons and white roses—
She looked good enough to eat.
(Chorus) That is so! I tell you but the truth—
This darkey he was mighty gay
And festive in his youth.

Said I, "Miss Rosa, listen—
I long have courted you,
And we might just as well be one
As to continue two."
"Ah! that's a fact," said she and then
I thought that I should melt,
For, when I kissed her ruby lips,
O Golly! how I felt!
(Chorus) That is so! I tell you but the truth.

Next day the parson told me
He'd see the knot was tied,
And he'd out it all for nothing
If I'd let him kiss the bride.
And, true enough, next Sunday,
Down by the meadow fence,
He made Mrs. Crow of Rosa,
And we've been crowing ever since!
(Chorus) That is so! I tell you but the truth

But now this nigger's getting
To be pretty old and tough,
And begins to be quite satisfied
That he's done about enough;
But go down into the corn fields,
Most any summer day,
You'll see some little crows there
Chasing other crows away!
(Chorus) That is so! I tell you but the truth.

J. H. B.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Closed.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c; Boxes, $5c, Gallery, 30c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Admission 75c. and 50c.; Reserved Seats, $1. Doors open at 1¼ and 7. Commences at 2 and 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—14th street, near 6th avenue.—Admission, $1; Orchestra Seats, $1 50; Balcony Boxes, $6, $8 and $10; Proscenium Boxes, $15; Family Circle, 50c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 25c.; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. Admission, 50c. and 75c.; Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK THEATRE—Broadway, near Eighth street.—Closed.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street.—General Admission, Orchestra, $1; Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 30 and 7.30 commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50; Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle and Gallery, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats for matinee, $1. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

PAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $6 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 6½, commences at 2½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 6 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Admission, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Reserved Seats in Parquet and Dress Circle, $1; Private Boxes, $12. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Closed.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 75c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Pittsburg, Pa.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. Rooney.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClurg.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Union Hall"—S. H. Schultz.
Allentown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Hunt.
Lafayette, N. Y.—"Stanclift Hall"—S. T. Reynolds.
Lewis, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—D. P. Ensign & Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—"Odeon Hall"—Wm E. Wheeler.
Lewisburg, Pa.—"Linden Hall"—Fisher & Wiedel.
Gettysburg, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Pranenthal.
Opera House, Ind.—"Bowling Hall."
Lancaster, Pa.—"Landmesser's National Hall and Theatre"—C. Kerr.
Scandale, Pa.—"Nealon's Hall"—Jno Nealon.
Oshkosh, Wis.—"Goodwin's Opera House"—S. J. Goodwin.
Portland, Me.—"Portland Theatre"—J. B. Toaver.
Lockport, Ill.—"Dowell Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Opera House"—Eli Wheeler.
Portsmouth, O.—"Wilhelm's Opera House"—Jno. Wilhelm.
Williamsburg, L. I.—"Opera House."
Akron, O.—"Summers Opera House"—Sumner & Abbey.
Janesville, Wis.—"Greene Opera House"—W. E. Briggs.
Beloit, Wis.—"Union Hall"—A. B. Carpenter & Co.
Decorah, Ia.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Lexington, Ky.—"Odd Fellows' Hall"—J. Woodruff.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sel. & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Masonic Hall"—J. M. Bramwell
Ancora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—W. W. Wainwright.
Mount Vernon, O.—"Opera House"—E. G. Woodward.
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—Wm. Cromey.
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—J. L. Moses.
Taunton, Mass.—"White's New Music Hall"—L. R. & A. E. White.
Paris, Ky.—"Odd Fellows' Hall"—J. M. Daniels.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—John Parke.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's New Hall"—Ivory Goodwin.
Hamburgh, N. Y.—"Mechanics Hall."
Quincy, Ill.—"Opera House"—James J. Langdon.
Monroe, Wis.—"Union Hall"—John D. Wood.
Prescott, Ill.—"Wilcox's Opera House"—T. Wilcox.
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera Hall"—R. Rouse.
Williamsport, Pa.—"Ulman's Opera House"—J. Ulman
Augusta, Me.—"Meonian Hall"—J. W. North.
Greenpoint, L. I.—"Continental Hall"—Chas. Etheridge.
Richmond, Ind.—"Lyceum Hall"—Luther Crecker.
Young America, Ill.—"Columbian Hall"—Chapin, Houlton & Davis.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Masonic Hall."
Council Bluff, Iowa.—"Burbour's Opera House"—H. Burbour.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jaekson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Harry A. Reilly, E. 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ford, Mayer & Sons, 96 and 98 Fulton st., N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, 262 Main st., Hartford, Conn.

Theatre Ticket Printer.—A. S. Soers, 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Wood Engravers.—Koylance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.

Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 45 Main st. Lane, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 95 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Malden Lane, N. Y.
R. B. Kent, 118 Bowery, N. Y.

Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nesirock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Tripple, 110 N. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.

Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 378 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bozan, 199 E. Houston st., N. Y.

Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 199 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bozan, as above.

Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
Jas. G. Burnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
R. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Mortim r, 817 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.

Bill Posters.—P. C. Bacsus, Erie, Pa.
H. Y. Burley, Erie, Pa.
J. H. Miller, Newark, O.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Phil. Wentz & Bro., Springfield, Ill.

Prismatic Lights.—McClewee & Putnam, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

Circus Tents, &c.—H. Sparks, 175 South st., N. Y.
Jas. Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass

Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.

Magical Apparatus.—M. Hartz, 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Costumes.—Mrs. Taylor, 376 Bowery, N. Y.

Plays.—W. C. Wemyss, 2 Astor place N. Y.
R. M. De Witt, 15 Frank ort street, N. Y
Barnum, 85 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

Marine Instruments.—E. D. De Grock, 38 Liberty street, N. Y.

Theatrical Wigs.—Stillard & Toomer. 1 East Houston st., N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Turner House—Danbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Worden Hotel—142 to 146 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. P. Worden.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leand.
Neil Bryan's—Cor. 32d street and Broadway, New York.
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 24th, '70.

THERE is no lack of amusements in the city at present, and what with theatres, balls, lectures, concerts, etc., every taste can be gratified if not altogether satisfied. The play most in keeping with the spirit of the times is that of "Hamlet," in which all manner of murder is committed, and blood flows as profusely therein as lager beer through the mouth-piece of a Chatham street German-American in the sultry month of July. Yes, "Hamlet" is just the play for the age we live in, for murder is rampant in the streets of this great metropolis at broad day as well as at midnight; and "your money or your life" is the motto of many an uncultivated son of the soil. As blood gives life to the play of "Hamlet," so blood seems to act as a fertiliser in the streets of New York, and where a homicide is traced to his author, it is by no means an easy task to fasten the crime upon him, for there are always professional witnesses or biased jurors ready to save him for value received. And talking about biased jurors reminds us of the story of an Omaha alderman, who was on the jury list to try four Indians for murder, and who, on being asked whether he had formed any prejudices against the savages, replied:—"No-o-o; *only* I've been chased by 'em, been in a good many battles with 'em, and would vote to hang every devil of 'em at sight." This reminds us of a similar "unprejudiced" man who was on the jury list for selection, in the case of a murder committed in a house on Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park, some years ago. This juror was a weaver in Rivington street, and in response to the usual question, said:—"No, sir; I'm not prejudiced at all, and haven't been influenced by the newspapers; *but* I think things have come to a pretty pass when a man can knock another man's brains out in the day time, in the busiest part of Broadway, cut him into 'fore and 'hind quarters, box him up at night, and start him off next morning for New Orleans as ship freight!" His services as an "unprejudiced juror" were "respectfully declined."……Isn't it a singular thing what a hold the "Shoo Fly" has got upon the public? Its buzzing is heard all over the country, in parlor, cabin, in theatre grand; young ladies thump it out of the piano at a fearful rate; brass bands discourse its dulcet notes in street parades; string bands start the merry dancers in the chase after the "Shoo Fly;" organs grind it out at a penny a go, and children cry after it in the open air, and claim immunity from the botheration owing to their connection with "Company G." Although apparently of recent origin, the "Shoo Fly" was really invented several years ago, in the sunny south, on some sugar plantation, perhaps, where flies most do congregate; and as it may be amusing to the many lovers of the all pervading "Shoo Fly" to read the "original poem," as concocted by Mr. Harry Macarthy, in 1865, we herewith present the original lines, as kindly forwarded to us by the author:—

THE ORIGINAL SHEW FLY.

I feel, I feel, I feel I shall go wild,
I feel, I feel a heavenly joy;
I feel, I feel as happy as a child,
I feel, I feel my heart so full of joy.
Chorus—So, shew fly, don't bodder me,
So, shew fly, don't bodder me,
My gal's gone back, as I've been tole,
Shew fly, don't bodder me,
But give to me my dumpdin whole

I feel, I feel, I feel as if I'd fly,
I feel, I feel as if I was a bird;
I feel, I feel as if I'd crow this way;
I feel so nice, since this good news I'as heard.
Chorus—So, shew fly, don't bodder me, etc.

I feel, I feel, I feel I'll happy be;
I feel, I feel we never more will part;
I feel, I feel that we shall married be,
I feel, I feel since I've got all my heart.
Chorus—So, shew fly, don't bodder me, etc.

……Every week we hear of some fresh innovation upon the rights of man by advocates of woman's rights—the latest is that of a Miss Marshall, temperance and woman's rights lecturer, who has been "jugged" in Tennessee, for being drunk and disorderly. Jimminy pats, if we could so easily dispose of *our* disorderly women what a lovely time we'd have of it. Why, over in Jersey, uncivilised as that country has the repute of being, they keep women in their places. At Trenton, a few days ago, two "ladies" were fined for being "common scolds." It's common enough to find ladies who are scolds, but very uncommon to have them fined for indulging in a little "chin music."……And, speaking of disorderly lecturers and common scolds, reminds us of a Mrs. Rose Madden, a lecturer in opposition to female suffrage, who says that suffrage is calculated to destroy woman's "conservative power; the more she takes upon herself the qualities of man the less she governs him." Guess Rose Madden is not such a mad'un as her opposition sisters delare her to be.……Some queer things occur in theatres when actors are just a little "indisposed." Our friend the 'Low Comedian" tell us of an instance where tragedy was at once turned into farce. A certain actor, whose name shall be nameless out of re-pect to the friends and relatives of the family, on his benefit night put up the play of "Lucretia Borgia," in the evening happened to be that of the day when the news of the "fall of Richmond" was received, and the actors were nearly all "budgy" on the strength of it. So it happened that when the Duke had his scene it was decidedly quisby. "Lucrithe," he managed to articulate, "pour a glass of beer for your lover from the yaller pitcher." This ended the tragedy, and a "screaming farce" could not have brought down the house as the dia. In the last act, where Lucretia counts the coffins, the liquified Genarro stepped boldly to the footlights, and exclaimed:—"Creeshy, old gal, where's *my* box?" We drop the curtain on this solemn scene……"Our Jim" has been rather idle of late, and has scarcely done enough to earn his salt; he is beginning to settle down once more, but is considerably off color; women will be the ruin of him if something is not done to save him from their rapacious jaws; his time is mainly employed in writing verses to their eyes and alabaster necks and things. While he is out taking a nip we will give you a specimen of his poetry, which we found on his desk just now. It's a lamentable evidence of the baleful influence of sinful woman:—

FARAWNAID TO JULIA
BY "OUR JIM."

Under thi lattus I purch. wile the muse
Is wissin thru wernal skies;
And the watch dog warbils his riplin toon
In the glo of thi fleasy eyes.

O, lady, our fucher joys is parst,
And cummin hopes is fled for aye,
But with a lan as strong as Jim Mac
We will be happy yesterday.

Thru the dim ties of kavverns lite
I madly wind my lowd catarr;
From side to side the woolf sings brite,
Haling the ebbin dorn afar.

Then, cum love, cum, to these here dank arms—
My sistle carones on evry waive;
An grase and yoods has glumy charms—
Nun but the fair disserve the bralv.

O, why was I born in this here loly rtait,
Why was I born without enny close?
Ah, wo is mine, and sad is ray fait—
These here lines is the larst of those.

……Would it be in order to pronounce one of George Francis Train's speeches a "bounce-ing bawl!"……Hon. Samuel F. Carey, of Ohio, is in England, on a temperance tour. He expects to Carey over a good many drunkards, yet he himself is said not to be very temperate—in his speeches……A lady writer in a western paper recently made this strange remark:—"What a pity we cannot travel like men do, with a box of paper collars and bosoms." We always supposed that these last were brought along. It certainly looked that way in our verdant eyes. If ladies cannot travel without their *trunks*, we don't see how they dispense with the other arrangements. But we naturally keep a close tongue about such matters, so let us change the subject and unbosom ourself touching a sage rejoinder made by "Our Jim" on a recent occasion, when a discussion was going on in our sanctum about the marriage of a certain young actor, more blessed with brains than dollars, to a gal of considerable wealth. Some one said, "Well, his fortune is made." "Our Jim," who had been a quiet listener, dryly put in, "Yes, his *Miss*-fortune. *That* orter have been maid. We gave him one of them looks, but he was evidently intensely innocent.

City Summary.

PROF. SYLVESTER AND THE TAMMANY.—The case of Prof. Sylvester against Jarrett and Palmer, of the Tammany, for two weeks' salary, due him, remaining unpaid, from November 13th to the 26th, came up in the Marine Court on the 19th inst. Mr. Sylvester swore that, after corresponding with the defendants, he had accepted an engagement of £20 per week for himself and three others, to last three or six months. In one of his letters he made mention of sixteen illusions, eleven magical tricks, and four effects that composed his repertory, and bargained to give his personal services and brains only. Mr. Leonard Grover testified that Mr. Sylvester had not complied with the strict letter of his contract, and did not perform certain acts, as he had not the apparatus to do them with. He did not discharge Sylvester, but told him he could have no more money until he performed some of the acts. Mr. Sylvester stated that his apparatus was in the Tammany before he arrived, and that he had two express wagon loads of baggage. He expected to give only personal services and brains, and not furnish properties. He further stated that he had all apparatus customary among men of his profession. He used to receive his salary in portions of $25 at a time. Mr. Thayer addressed the jury for the defence, and said that the case lay in the one point, "Did this man fulfil his contract?" Mr. Gross, for the plaintiff, said that "the defendants had not discharged Mr. Sylvester, and acknowledged it. They kept his name on the bills, and he was always ready to do what might be required of him. Mr. Sylvester carried all the apparatus he was expected to. Fechter is not expected to carry his scenery with him. All that furnishes are personal services and wardrobe. I think, gentlemen, you will see the justice of our claim and give us a verdict." The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $200 gold.

LESTER WALLACK contemplates a starring tour through the country at the expiration of his present engagement at his theatre in this city, under the management of William Stuart, late of the Winter Garden Theatre, and Clifton W. Tayleure.

JOSH. HART was in town two days the past week.

CLARA F. NORRIS, a young lady of Newark, N. J., made her *debut* as a reader at the Union League Theatre, this city, on the 19th inst. She recited from memory the scene between Elizabeth and Mary, in "Mary Stuart," followed by the trial scene of Katherine of Arragon, from "Henry VIII." She has a tall, slight figure, blonde hair, eyes that are expressive, and a voice not very strong but musical. Her *debut* may be called a success. She appeared on the 21st at the same place.

JENNIE PARKER arrived in this city on the 10th inst., by the steamship Alaska, from California.

W. F. AND CLAUDE BURROUGHS arrived here overland, from San Francisco, Cal., on the 19th inst.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS have postponed their re-opening at the Waverly, in this city, until Feb. 7th.

GROSS RECEIPTS OF THE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT FOR 1869.—Below will be found a complete list of the gross receipts of every place of amusement, each month, for the year 1869, as returned and sworn to before the different U. S. Revenue Assessors for the several districts of this city, by the treasurers of said places of amusement:—

JANUARY.

Grand Opera House	$27,577	French Theatre	$54,702
Booth's Theatre	Not open	New York Circus	15,010
Niblo's Garden	21,492	Tony Pastor's	9,365
Wallack's Theatre	23,948	Worrell Sisters' Theatre	8,449
Tammany	40,302	Bryants' Minstrels	6,850
Wood's Museum	34,661	San Francisco Minstrels	6,078
Olympic Theatre	30,592	Theatre Comique	Not open
Fifth Avenue Theatre	8,317	Bowery Theatre	9,574
Broadway Theatre	21,445		

FEBRUARY.

Niblo's Garden	$34,467	Brougham's Theatre	$11,295
Booth's Theatre	45,784	Broadway Theatre	9,783
Wood's Museum	34,770	Bowery Theatre	9,584
French Theatre	24,555	Tony Pastor's	7,054
Wallack's Theatre	24 402	San Francisco Minstrels	6 830
Olympic Theatre	25 0 8	Waverly Theatre	6,578
Tammany	21,207	Bryants' Minstrels	4,850
New York Circus	14,032	New York Theatre, McKean Buchanan	2,180
Grand Opera House	12,641		
Theatre Comique	12,670		

MARCH.

Niblo's Garden	$41,011	New York Theatre	No returns
Wallack's Theatre	35,502	Theatre Comique	$12,547
Booth's Theatre	30,513	New York Circus	12,010
Olympic Theatre	25,753	Tony Pastor's	8,333
Tammany	20,887	San Francisco Minstrels	7,645
Wood's Museum	No returns	Bryants' Minstrels	5,030
Waverly Theatre	18,713	Broadway Theatre	5 664
French Theatre	17 432	Grand Opera House	1,596
Bowery Theatre	17,099	(The opening night only).	
Brougham's Theatre	14,041		

APRIL.

Booth's Theatre	$41,495	New York Theatre	No returns
Niblo's Garden	38,840	Waverly Theatre	$15,654
Academy of Music	35,578	Bowery Theatre	15,591
Wallack's Theatre	33,115	Theatre Comique	12,079
Tammany	32,791	New York Circus	11,147
Grand Opera House	25 052	Tony Pastor's	7,692
Olympic Theatre	24,917	San Francisco Minstrels	7,132
Wood's Museum	21,223	European Circus	4,402
Fifth Avenue Theatre	18,209	Bryants' Minstrels	5,985
Broadway Theatre	6,750	French Theatre	No returns

MAY.

Booth's Theatre	$32,917	Tammany	$18,217
Wallack's Theatre	31,657	New York Theatre	No returns
Olympic Theatre	28,818	Bowery Theatre	8,705
Niblo's Theatre	23,096	Tony Pastor's	7,789
Wood's Museum	14,283	French Theatre (6 nights)	6,570
Waverly Theatre	13,054	San Francisco Minstrels	6,460
Theatre Comique	11,854	N. Y. Circus, traveling	29,860
Fifth Avenue Theatre	12,397	Broadway Theatre	Torn down
Grand Opera House	19,868	Bryant's Minstrels	5,215

JUNE.

Niblo's Garden	$19,869	New York Theatre	No returns
Olympic Theatre	26 806	Bowery Theatre	$7,534
Wallack's Theatre	24,496	Tony Pastor's	6,740
N. Y. Circus, traveling	21,374	Bryants' Minstrels	6,703
Booth's Theatre	19,375	Tammany	6,175
Fifth Avenue Theatre	8,783	Tony Pastor's	5,850
Grand Opera House	7,503	Waverly Theatre	5,549
French Theatre	No returns	Theatre Comique	3,173

Some of the above places were not open the entire month. The returns for Bryants' are for nineteen nights, and the same number for the Tammany, while the Fifth Avenue was open only sixteen nights.

JULY.

Niblo's Garden	$24,066	Grand Opera House	$11,701
Olympic Theatre	23,633	Wood's Museum	8,540
Wallack's Theatre	23,348	Bowery Theatre	8,098
N. Y. Circus, traveling	25,930	Theatre Comique	4,405
Booth's Theatre	20,842	Bryants' Minstrels	2,150
New York Theatre	No returns	French Theatre	Closed
Fifth Avenue Theatre	Not open	Waverley Theatre	Closed
Grand Opera House	Not open	Tony Pastor's	Closed
San Francisco Minstrels	Closed		

AUGUST.

Booth's Theatre	$41,852	Grand Opera House	$11,859
Niblo's Garden	33,533	Wood's Museum	11,117
Wallack's Theatre	34,310	Bowery Theatre	9,970
Olympic Theatre	20 991	Tony Pastor's	7,658
N. Y. Circus, traveling	23,383	Bryants' Minstrels	5,722
Tammany	18,609	Academy of Music	5,491
San Francisco Minstrels	14,078	Theatre Comique	2,259
Fifth Avenue Theatre	11,931	French Theatre	No returns
New York Theatre	Not open		

The returns for the San Francisco Minstrels include the month of June and the last night in August.

OCTOBER.

Booth's Theatre	$34,339	Bowery Theatre	$ 9,070
Wallack's Theatre	27,432	Wood's Museum	11,322
Olympic Theatre	24,668	San Francisco Minstrels	8,135
Niblo's Garden	21,464	Bryants' Minstrels	7,317
Tammany	19 119	Tony Pastor's	7,217
Fifth Avenue Theatre	17 849	Hermann	2,768
New York Circus	17,153	New York Theatre	1,399
Theatre Comique	14,571	French Theatre	7,657
Grand Opera House	13,799	Waverly Theatre	No returns

NOVEMBER.

Grand Opera House	$17,398	Niblo's Garden	$38,453
Wallack's Theatre	34,483	Tony Pastor's	8,258
Olympic Theatre	30,304	French Theatre	10,273
Booth's Theatre	25 814	Bowery Theatre	10,973
Academy of Music	27,749	San Francisco Minstrels	9,050
Tammany	18,928	Bryants' Minstrels	11,443
Wood's Museum	14,030	Fifth Avenue Theatre	11,697
New York Circus	18,425	New York Theatre	No returns
Theatre Comique	11,643	Waverly Theatre	No returns

DECEMBER.

Booth's Theatre	$25,583	Theatre Comique	$16,824
Wood's Museum	14,101	Tony Pastor's	8,483
Grand Opera House	15 552	New York Circus	15,179
Niblo's Garden	29,732	French Theatre	No returns
Wallack's Theatre	28,641	Waverly Theatre	4 529
Olympic Theatre	32,507	Bowery Theatre	10,035
Tammany	17,815	San Francisco Minstrels	8,010
Fifth Avenue Theatre	12 566	Bryants' Minstrels	10,904

RECAPITULATION.

Booth's Theatre	$343,637	Old Bowery Theatre	$119,459
Niblo's Garden	381,997	French Theatre	93,186
Wallack's Theatre	345 573	Theatre Comique	101,061
Olympic Theatre	297,130	Tony Pastor's Op. House	85,911
Tammany	253,074	San Francisco Minstrels	74,581
Wood's Museum	193,834	Bryants' Minstrels	67,9.3
Grand Opera House	175,407	Broadway Theatre	42 564
New York Circus	212,9 4	New York Theatre	12,018
Fifth Avenue Theatre	129,884	Waverly Theatre	49 84

EDWIN BOOTH is playing Hamlet to the most crowded audiences that have been witnessed in any establishment in this city. Every night, no matter whether it is pleasant or stormy, the house is not only crowded, but it is difficult to obtain a stand point that will command a view of the stage. On Thursday evening the house was crowded from parquet to gallery, and persons were standing in the aisles and in the entire circle in sight of the stage. The speculators are making a harvest out of it, and they cannot procure near as many seats as they can sell. Nearly every night there is scarcely a seat for the lower part of the house to be purchased at the box office when the doors are opened, and the speculators sell out long before the doors are opened, and obtain an advance of two dollars and two fifty on every ticket. Nearly every seat in the orchestra and orchestra circle is secured from three to six days in advance. The play goes off very smoothly now, and each one of the magnificent "sets" is received with a round of applause as the rising of the curtain reveals it. Mr. Booth is deserving of this success of the legitimate, for he has produced this creation of Shakespeare in a masterly manner, and there is every indication that the first run of "Hamlet," of one hundred nights at the Winter Garden, will be surpassed at Booth's Theatre.

THE PROGRAMME presented by Tony Pastor at his Opera House the past week was replete with novel acts, and those who appeared met with a good reception. The Freeman Sisters were successful in their act, in which they gave a whistling solo which is quite a novelty; also banjo solo, singing, etc., making a change of costume in the most rapid manner. They also gave a delightful rendering of the ballad of "Dear Old Home," which the Sisters illustrated in

lent cast and acted in an almost faultless manner. 'Champagne,' 'Merry Dodd' and 'Hunted Down' are announced for production, the first named to be given on the 24th."

HENRY PLACIDE died at Babylon, L. I., on Sunday the 23d inst. He was born in Charleston, S. C., Sept. 8, 1799. His father, Alexandre Placide, was a most excellent pantomimist and tight rope dancer. The mother of Mr. Placide was once Miss Wrighten, and his grandmother a Mrs. Wrighten, prompter of Drury Lane Theatre, London, and afterwards Mrs. Pownall. Mr. Placide made his first appearance on the stage as Master Placide, at Augusta, Ga., in a company from Charleston, S. C., Oct. 14, 1806, as David, in "The Blind Bargain," and as Florio di Rosalie, in the "Hunter of the Alps"—he being at this time only nine years of age. Made his first appearance on the New York stage at the old Anthony street Theatre, in 1812, under Twaits and Holland's management, where he remained in the company about a year. He next visited Albany, playing there in the winter and through the provinces in the summer. In the summer of 1815 he visited Halifax with a dramatic company. Returning to Richmond, Va., he joined a traveling company, with whom he remained three years, visiting the principal cities and towns in the South. On Sept. 2d, 1823, he made his reappearance in New York as Ezekiel Homespun in "Their or Lair," and as Dabbs, Dablecour in the "Budget" at the Park Theatre. From this day until the season of 1843 he was a great favorite with the New York public. In 1840 he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of securing talent for the manager of the Park Theatre, and made arrangements with Braham, Tyrone Power, Fanny Elsler, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Buckstone. When Power returned to England on the steamship *President*, he had made every arrangement to take passage by the same vessel, but was overpersuaded by Edwin Forrest, who secured for him an engagement in Richmond. The *President* was lost at sea and all on board. In May, 1842, he revisited England and made his bow in London, but received pretty severe criticising from the press. It was on his return from London that he re-appeared at the Park Theatre. He severed his connection with the New York stage for a while in 1843 and took up his residence at Babylon, L. I. Once more before the footlights he appeared with Laura Keene's company in New York, and with that company visited Philadelphia in Jan. 1857, at the Walnut street Theatre. On Sept. 19th, 1859, he opened a star engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, (under Mrs. D. P. Bowers' management) as Sir Peter Teazle. On March 25th, 1865, he made his re-appearance in New York after a long absence, as Corporal Cartouche in a military drama of that name, at the Winter Garden Theatre and he carried off the honors of the evening. Since this engagement Mr. Placide, owing to ill health, has not appeared on the stage. As an actor Mr. Pacide was one of the brightest ornaments of the American stage. His Sir Peter Teazle probably was never equalled. It was a chaste, gentlemanly performance—it was a picture of life. His soliloquies were given with proper discretion and tact he gave the idiosyncratic features of the character that of a determination to provoke his wife to lose her temper, with a most natural tone and action. He used no grimaces, yet he possessed power of expression to such a degree that he made you laugh by the very emotion of humor produced on his countenance. He gave to the character of Sir Harcourt Courtley that distinctive reality which marks a great performance. In the days of the old Park, when he was surrounded by such a wealth of talent as Mrs. Wheatley, Charlotte and Susan Cushman, Mrs. Vernon, Clara Fisher, Mrs. Richardson, Peter Richings, Chippendale, Chapman, William Fredericks, Fisher, William Wheatley, Hunt and Povey, he was much admired. He was then the principal diamond in this rich collection. He was remarkable for his correctness of judgment and quickness of penetration, and for the ease and propriety of his gesture; in the delineation of nature he was a master; his knowledge of his profession was profound, and his outward appearance prepossessing. With the finest countenance he united the most agreeable tone, especially in stage conversation; his general manner, though quiet and self possessed, was essentially brilliant, his conceptions vigorous and true, denoting the careful observer and man of the world. In a word he was an actor of the old true, legitimate school, a school wherein are taught the lesson that a strict adherence to truth in the delineation of a character constitutes one of its chief, if not the most essential feature of the dramatic art. He had three sisters on the stage—Eliza, Caroline and Jane; the latter is dead. Eliza became Mrs. Asbury, and subsequently Mrs. Mann; Caroline became Mrs. Blake. He was the original Sir Harcourt Courtly in this country; Miss Cushman the original Lady Gay.

FROM CINCINNATI we have news dated Jan. 21st, from our correspondent, as follows:—"Theatrical business replaced the circus at the National on Monday night. Nellie Germon, supported by Robert Johnston and Charlotte Crampton, being the star attraction. The company in support is not the regular stock of the Theatre, but one improvised for the emergency. The bill for the first two nights was the 'Old Guard' and 'Little Polly.' In the first piece Johnston played Haversack; Grierson, a fair heavy actor, Beauville; and Nellie Germon Melanie. In the other Nellie Germon was at home in the girl part of Polly, singing 'When Sammy Comes Home' and another song with considerable spirit. Johnston played Grimm, the river thief, with appropriate ferocity, and Charlotte Crampton as Mother Sal was a modern Lady Macbeth. This lady has been living in retirement in this city for some time. Some years ago she 'starred' with but indifferent success. The *role* of Jerks, by T. R. Hind, the stage manager, and that of Charley, a newsboy, by Melville, were the only others worth mentioning. The bill for Wednesday and Thursday embraced three farces. On Friday, the 'Lancashire Lass,'" with Nellie Germon as Ruth, was given, and for Saturday's *matinee* 'Little Polly.' Nellie Germon is a little actress of the Lotta school, and ought to have better fortune than has been her lot in this city. Business has been simply wretched. Mr. William Holston, the English comedian, will open on Monday in 'Poor Humanity,' but he has no very flattering prospect before him. On the following Monday the Lydia Thompson blondes will appear, and they *will* draw.....Mrs. Bowers has had a very discouraging second week. She gave Mary Stewart for two nights, with McCollum in the supporting *role* of Douglass, but the piece utterly failed to draw. Between Ristori in French, Janauschek in Dutch, and Mrs. Lander in English, this play and Elizabeth have been done to death. 'Snare' was tried on Wednesday, but it, too, has fallen flat. Such an actress as Mrs. Bowers would probably do better in some of the old standard plays. To-night she will play Lady Teazle, and the 'School for Scandal' will probably draw. It is a very fairly cast piece, McCollum playing Charles Surface; Gotthold, Joseph; Church, Sir Peter; Fannie Pierson, Mrs. Candour, and Mary Rickords, Maria. 'Snare' is billed for to-morrow's *matinee*. Maggie Mitchell opens in 'Fanchon' on Monday."

OF THEATRICALS in Albany, N. Y., our correspondent, "Beppo," says:—"E. Eddy opened at the Opera House on the 17th inst., and E. L. Davenport appeared at the Academy of Music the same night. On the 18th 'Richard the Third' was prescnted, with Mr. Davenport as Richard. The Duke of York's little Susie Goodwin was good. Miss Dargon rendered Queen Elizabeth in a finished manner, and well deserved the applause bestowed upon her. On the 19th 'Enoch Arden' was presented for the first time in this city. Miss Dargon's Annie Lee was rendered finely, and she made a favorable impression on the audience. The Miriam Lane of Mrs. Farren, and Esther Arden of Miss Brooks were good. At the end of the play Mr. Davenport was called before the curtain, as he has been every evening, and made a neat speech. The farce of 'Kitchen Belle' closed the evening's performance. The 20th, 'Enoch Arden' and 'Quiet Family.' 'Enoch Arden' will hold the boards all the week. Mr. Davenport has drawn good houses all this week. Mr. E. L. Davenport receives a benefit this evening (21st) and appears as Enoch Arden and William, in 'Black Eyed Susan.' In rehearsal, 'After Dark' and 'Duke's Motto.'....At the Trimble Opera House, on the 17th, E. Eddy made his appearance in the 'Corsican Brothers,' and has had good houses all the week. Mr. Eddy personated the twin brothers Louis and Fabien in a fine manner. The Mons Renaud, of Mr. Aibaugh, was also well rendered. The comedy of 'His Last Legs' was given, with Mr. Eddy as O'Callaghan. On the 18th the 'Rag Picker of Paris' was brought out. On the 19th 'Jack Cade' with Mr. Eddy in the title *role*. The 'Spectre Bridegroom' was the after piece. On the 20th 'Police Spy' was given. This evening (21st) Mr. Eddy receives a benefit, when 'Pizarro' and 'Colleen Bawn' will be produced. In rehearsal 'After Dark,' Manager Barnes, it seems, cannot have the railway scene in the above piece, Manager Lawlor having purchased the right from Mr. Daly. There will probably be a war in camp. Edwin Adams is the next star engaged for this theatre, and will shortly appear in 'Wild Oats!'"

ALBERT AIKEN opened in Omaha, at the Academy of Music, on the 17th inst. in his own play, "The Witches of New York." Our correspondent "Waverley," says:—"The Witches' was presented three nights to fair houses, and will be repeated for the *matinee* of the 22d. Aiken played the part well, as did Miss Cappell that of She the Orange Girl, and Annie Ward looked charming as Katie Blake. J. L. Stewart had a hearty reception each night for his make up of John. To night, (Jan. 25th) the 'Chevalier of Darkness' will be given, Aiken as the Chevalier, and Miss Cappell as Anne of D'Egmont."

MR. DUFFIELD has severed his connection with the Louisville Opera House.

JOHN COLLINS, Irish comedian, was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House Troy, N. Y., past week. He began a week's engagement on the 17th, opening in "Rory O More," followed it with "Irish Attorney," and "How to Pay the Rent" on the 18th; "Irish Ambassador" on the 19th; Colleen Bawn" on the 20th. On the occasion of his benefit, on the 21st, he presented the comic drama of "Born to Good Luck," and the laughable comedy "His Last Legs" and concluded his engagement on the 22d with "Ireland As it Was" and "Rory O Moore." Mr. Collins, says our correspondent "Mose," in the round of characters he assumed the past week, displayed talents as an Irish comedian of the first water. There was a very good house on the opening night, but during the remainder of the week the audience was very slim. He received most excellent support from the stock company during the week, Messrs. Foster, Gossin and Packard, and ladies Everle and May Fiske being worthy of special mention.....Marietta Ravel is the attraction for next (this) week, opening on the 24th in the "French Spy."

OUR CHICAGO ADVICES are up to Jan. 20th, under which date our correspondent "Amusement" says:—"The third week of Lotta's engagement commenced on the 17th inst., at the Opera House, before a very large audience. The performance was the drama of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Lotta appearing as Topsey. The play was well put on the stage, the scenery was fine, and the acting generally good. Lotta was the principal attraction and in the *role* of Topsey, she took the audience by storm. She always acts with that sprightliness and pleasant *abandon* that quite captivates an audience. Her banjo playing and songs gained for her a hearty recognition of her abilities and we have seldom seen audiences so enthusiastic as they have been during her engagement. The cast comprised A. D. Bradley, as Uncle Tom, who acted the part well; Joseph Barrett, as St. Clair, with ease and grace. J. W. Jennings, as Mark, gave us a fine piece of acting and it was one of the features of the evening; J. H. Burnett played Deacon Perry excellently. The gentleman is certainly one of the most promising young actors in the city. The rest of the parts were well sustained. On the 21st Lotta takes her benefit, when she will appear in the 'Little Treasure' and 'Andy Blake,' and on the 24th 'Pepina' will be produced.....At Aiken's Museum Manager Aiken commences the third and last week of 'Little Em'ly' which has proved a success. On the 24th the play of 'Surf' will be reproduced, with new scenery and effects. Mr. Aiken has made arrangements by which half of the stage will be lowered so as to give the real effect of sea bathing.....At McVicker's the regular company have been playing at Indianapolis and will return to their old quarters on the 24th, when Joe Emmett, the Dutch comedian, commences an engagement."

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS and C. B. Bishop concluded their engagement and the burlesque season at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 18th instant. On the 17th "Black Eyed Susan" and "Joan of Arc" were given, and on the 18th, for the farewell benefit of C. B. Bishop, "Kenilworth" and "Wanted, 1,000 Milliners." There will be an interlude of four evenings and a *matinee* in the dramatic representations to give place to Max Maretzek's Italian Opera, after which, on the 24th instant, Neil Warner will open an engagement of six evenings, in "Hamlet. The Chapman Sisters and C. B. Bishop return to the South.

"LOTTIE EM'LY" is produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

THEATRICALS IN THE QUAKER CITY.—Of the movements of our theatrical brethren in Philadelphia, we are advised up to the 22d inst. At the Walnut, Watts Phillips' romantic drama of "Not Guilty" has proved a great success, and will keep the bills up to Friday evening of the current week. It is pronounced one of the best dramas put upon the stage for a long time. The play of "London," produced in this city by Mr. Clifton W. Tayleure, at the French Theatre, will be presented at the Walnut on Saturday afternoon, the 29th instant, and keep the boards for awhile.....'Little Em'ly" had to be withdrawn from the boards of the Arch on the 22d inst., in the full tide of success, as previous arrangements had been made for Mr. John Brougham to commence an engagement on the 24th inst, in his own comedy of "Playing with Fire." On the 25th inst., for his benefit, "Flies in the Web" and "Romance and Reality" will be given. Mr. Brougham's burlesque of "Much Ado about a Merchant of Venice," and his last drama of "Red Light" are in active preparation.....At the Chestnut the Susan Galton Opera Troupe are in the second and last week but one of their engagement.....Manager Robert Fox continues to give, at the American Theatre, one of the best variety entertainments to be found in this country. An uninterrupted performance of about three hours is given, the curtain not descending from the time it first goes up at the commencement of the show until the entertainment is at an end. Among the attractions offered for this week are Mad. Senyeah, the daring female gymnast. It was at this establishment that this lady made her American debut last season, since which time she has made an extended tour of the country. Brown and Sanford, horizontal bar performers, and Jennie Benson, clog and jig dancer, also put in an appearance. Rollin Howard continues there in his Ethiopian burlesque operas and Adah Richmond is in the company.

F. S. CHANFRAU appears in Providence, R. I., on the 26th inst., for three nights.

JOHN T. FORD was presented on Jan. 17th, in Charleston, S. C., with a gold watch and a massive gold chain.

JAMES HACKETT closed his engagement in Charleston, S. C., on the 22d inst.

W. H. LINGARD AND COMPANY appear in Pittsburgh, Pa., at the Academy of Music, the four last nights of the current week.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Boston, was announced to be opened on the 24th inst., for one week, with Leo Hudson as the card, in "Mazeppa," with her horse "Black Bess."

WYZEMAN MARSHALL will give selections from Shakespeare in Boston, at the Music Hall, on Feb. 3d.

EMMA WALLER opens at the Boston Theatre on the 31st inst.

"LITTLE EM'LY" was produced at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, on the 17th, and having been a success, is announced for the current week.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" is in its sixth week at the Boston Museum, and is attracting crowded audiences.

JOSEPH K. EMMET closed at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, on the 22d, and is this week at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE play in "Dombey and Son" and "Mischievous Annie" at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the 25th inst., under the management of Clifton W. Tavleure.

JOHN BROUGHAM was extensively billed to open at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 17th inst.; new scenery and properties had been prepared for the various plays in which he was to appear during his engagement, and manager Canning was surprised at receiving a telegram from his agent, on the 15th, announcing that he was unable to fulfil his engagement at this time. The management, says our correspondent:—"was equal to the emergency, however, and 'The Lottery of Life' was presented on the 17th and 18th by the stock company to very good audiences. The principal characters were creditably rendered by Messrs. Chester, Meeker, Glansford and Benson. The 'Red Light' was produced on the 19th, giving satisfaction to all who attended. It was placed on the stage in admirable style. 'Red Light' was repeated on the 20th to an excellent audience. George Dickson is announced for a benefit on the 21st. Edwin Forrest will be the star next (this) week."

THEATRICALS in South Bend, Ind., are said to be lively at present. Barrett's troupe, which opened in the Academy of Music, a short time ago, while playing at La Porte, Ind., on account of some disagreement became divided, and a portion of the company, with several additions, under the management of Miss Mary E. Hill, reopened the Academy of Music on the 14th inst., with the "Lady of Lyons," with Miss Hill as Pauline; Mr. Alex. Balfour as Claude Melnotte; G. D. Murray, T. G. Nolan and J. J. Riley, in other characters. Mr. Barrett, with the remaining faction of his company, commenced business at the Opera House on the 17th, with "Little Barefoot," in which Miss Fanny B. Price attracted considerable attention in her own peculiar rendition of Annie. Both companies were to remain during the past week. A. O. Miller's Dramatic Troupe is expected there in a few weeks.

ROUSE'S NEW YORK THEATRE have been playing in St. Joseph, Mo. A correspondent, "Pluto," says "Miss Fanny Denham and Mr. Rouse are the principal performers."

MISS ANNIE CORELLA joined the London Comedy Company, as star, at Hamilton, O., on Jan. 13th, in "Invisible Prince," and the "French Spy." A correspondent says:—"She was very well received. She took a benefit 21st and had a good house in 'Asmodeus,' 'Bob Nettles' and 'Lend Me 5 Shillings.' Mr. Barry Lindley, stage manager, takes a complimentary benefit on Jan. 24th, when 'Everybody's Friend' will be placed on the boards."

MAGGIE MITCHELL closed a good engagement at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on the 29th inst., and is followed this week by Felix Rogers and Lizzie Wilmore.

ELISE HOLT attracted good audiences to the Olympic, St. Louis, the past week. "Nip" was produced on the 20th to a large house.

JOSH HART, manager of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, visited Philadelphia on the 21st inst. and secured the Arch Street Theatre for the summer season for the purpose of introducing his large company at present playing at the Howard.

AN ARRANGEMENT has been made so that engagements are closed with stars to play at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, and the Opera House, Louisville, Ky. Mr. R. E. J. Miles is manager of the former and Harry Bates of the latter, both of whom have entered into an arrangement with Samuel Colville to act as business agent for both establishments in the securing of stars, etc. For particulars see advertisement.

Musical.

THE PEAK FAMILY were in Hudson, Ohio, on the 20th, Cuyahoga Falls, 21st, and Newburgh, 22d.

PRESENTATION TO CARL ZERRAHN.—The Oratio Society, of Salem, Mass., presented their tutor, Carl Zerrahn, of Boston, on the 17th inst., with an elegant marble mantle clock, ornamented in bass relief with designs from the frieze of the Parthenon and surmounted by a beautiful bronze statue of Sappho, the goddess of Song. Two rich bronze vases go with the clock as companion pieces.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, the American pianist and composer, died at Tijuca, near Rio Janeiro, Dec. 18th, after an illness of three weeks. Born in New Orleans in 1828. When twelve years of age he left America and visited Europe, to pursue his studies as a pianist under the most accomplished masters, and after four years of education in music appeared on a platform in 1845. Made his first appearance on the American stage March 1st, 1853, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. He has appeared in nearly all the principal cities and towns in America. About two years ago he visited California, where he remained some time, and was very successful, continuing so until he got into some difficulty with a young lady of San Francisco, and was compelled to escape from that city, going to Brazil. He has met with considerable success in the principal cities of South America. The execution of Gottschalk had a finish, a neatness, a rapidity quite astonishing. At the moment when he seemed to soothe you with an imperceptible melody there escaped from his fingers a hurricane of notes of an admirable power and sonorousness. His 'Banjo,' "Night March," "Soldier Song," "Apotheosis," and other compositions for the piano, are well known, and have thousands of players. His composition was like his playing, brilliant, ingenious, dashing, at times dreamy, and gracefully adapted to the sentiment of the hour. He had unquestionable and remarkable mastery of the piano, and, both as a musician and a man of society, his loss will be widely felt among large circles of his devoted admirers.

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PATTI has recovered from the illness which has detained her at Cincinnati so long, and her concerts were billed for the 23d, 24th and 25th at Pike's Hall, in that city. Her assistants are Theodore Ritter, J. F. Prume, Henry Squires and Joseph Hermans.

MAX MARETZEK'S ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE opened in Baltimore for four nights and a matinee at the Holliday street Theatre, on the 19th inst., in "Il Trovatore." On Jan. 20th Clara Louise Kellogg appeared in "Linda De Chamounix;" Friday 21, "William Tell;" Saturday *matinee*, comic opera of "Crispino e la Comare;" Saturday evening, operatic finale, when Miss Kellogg appeared as Violetta in the first act of "La Traviata," as Marguerite, in "Faust" and as Amina in the third act of "La Sonnambula."

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE are in the last week of their Boston engagement, at the Boston Theatre. The management announces for the 24th the first production in English, in that city, of "The Marriage of Figaro."

THE SUSAN GALTON OPERA TROUPE are in the second and last week but one of their engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. So far their engagement has proved a successful one. On the 24th instant, for the first time in America was to be given an adaptation, by Mrs. M. Pyne Galton, of "The Little Dutchess," by Offenbach. The cast embraces nearly all the members of the troupe, and the operetta induces many supernumeraries in the way of peasantry, soldiers, masquerades, etc. On the 28th, for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Whitin, two new operettas will be produced for the first time in America, called "Cupid's Second Visit," and a monologue by himself, called "A Tooth" of the time of Louis XV, introducing a comic song and violin solo, concluding with the favorite "La Rose de S'. Fleur."

PAREPA ROSA appears with her troupe in Providence, R. I., on the 31st instant, and remains two nights.

MRS. GEO. W. BEARDSLEY, assisted by a number of local amateurs, was to have given a concert in St. Joseph, Mo., on the 17th inst.

J. W. BECK, one of the originators of the celebrated Beck's Philadelphia Band, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, 16th inst., in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The remains were taken to Philadelphia and interred in Laurel Hill Cemetery, on Wednesday, 19th inst., the funeral being largely attended. At the cemetery the band played a number of solemn pieces of music.

LEADER advertises that he can supply a cornet band and orchestra.

THE ALLEGHANIANS appear in Burlington, Iowa, on February 8th, and then go west.

Variety Halls.

THE COMPANY at present engaged at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, Ohio, consists of Jennie Eagen, Dolce Parker, Julie Antonio, Belle Williams, Billy Gray, Lou Chapin, Charles Cortell, N. B. Shimer and N. Norton. Talent is wanted at all times.

AT THE WINTER GARDEN, Chicago, the company engaged the past week consisted of Tom Williams, bones; Joe Fox, tambourine; Harry Raynor, interlocutor; Kate Leslie, Celia Ifferd, Jenny Mazzaka, Mlle Rosa, Eugene, Florence Mollie Sutherland, Tommy Sully, Mlle Mahrette, Nellie Georgie, Belle Ifferd and the Whettony Brothers.

J. M. MORTIMER, agent for the variety and cork business, inserts his card in another column, to which we refer the profession.

BUSINESS AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, during the past week was good. Emma Fosbourg put in an appearance on the 17th, and was received.

TALENT is wanted by C. M. Welch, who advertises.

DAN SHELBY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Terre Haute, Ind., continues to be well attended. A correspondent, under date of Jan. 18th, says:—"Dan Shelby is in his fifth week and has had crowded houses every night. Seamon has made a hit with his "Peter Hontz Family," as has Frank Dobbins with his "Irish Piper." Each week shows increase in popularity, and each night the audiences go away well pleased."

DICK CARROLL appeared at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 17th inst. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Carroll's song of 'My Father Sould Charcoal' and his clog burlesque is one of the leading features in the programme and nightly elicits reiterated *encores*. The Tiny Burton as the smartest features as the Clown of Edeson, in the pantomime of the 'Golden Axe,' is exceedingly droll and comical. J. S. Edwards has resumed, with his usual success, the Ethiopian burlesques of 'The Girl of the Period,' 'The Negro Match Boy,' 'Walking down Front street' and 'Captain Blinks of the Mule Brigade.' Dick Parker also appears in new and original Dutch eccentricities. Miss Blakeney has introduced a new *ballet divertissement* called 'La Zephyr,' in which Bettie Remmelsberg and Clara Burton appear, supported by a dashing *corps de ballet*. The 'Beauties of the Desert,' another of Blandowski's conceptions, has proved a success. The overwhelming ovation accorded to the Hanlon combination has guaranteed a re-engagement of these gymnasts by Manager Sinn for one more fine previous to leaving. During the week, they have introduced several new and startling features, those most worthy of notice being the 'Ascent of the Glaciers,' by George Hanlon, and in the 'Great Act' by Alf. and Fred. Hanlon and Little Bob, and the double somersault feat by Little Bob. The latter is said to have never before been attempted, and, on the first night, Little Bob failed and fell three times into the net, and was finally compelled to give it up for that night; but on Wednesday evening the feat was finally accomplished amid thunders of applause, waving of hats and clapping of hands from the audience. The trapeze evolutions of the little midgets, Victor, Julian and Bob, are truly wonderful in the skill, intrepidity and abandon with which they execute them."

ANDY HUGHES CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In the last issue of the CLIPPER appeared a card from Andy Hughes, in which he challenged any man to compete with him for from $500 to $1,000, for the title of Champion Club Swinger. To this sweeping challenge Herr Holtum, the cannon ball performer and club swinger, replies as follows:—FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—In looking through your paper this week, I see a challenge issued by Andy Hughes that he will swing or perform feats with Indian clubs with any man in the world. I hereby accept this challenge to perform the clubs with him or any other man in the world, for the sum of $500 to a $1,000, and send $50 as a forfeit, and give Mr. Hughes a chance to put up. About three months ago I had a challenge in your paper for club swinging, but no one accepted it. JOHN HOLTUM."

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, is running to excellent business, better than at any time during this season. Our correspondent, "J. E. H.," says:—"There are only two new appearances this (past) week, Wallace and Wood, musical clowns. Kittie O'Neil's jig, Neil Roger's song and dance, Maggie Fielding's songs of the period, Lizzie Sherman's sensational songs and the Ethiopian acts of Dougherty, Watson, Gooding, Wilson, Bingham and Ferman are all *encored* and applauded nightly."

FORT SCOTT, Kansas, has a good variety theatre called the Opera House, with William Smith as manager, which opened on Jan. 15th with Frank Steele as stage manager. A correspondent says:—"The house is 120 feet deep; it was crowded to suffocation long before the curtain rose on the opening night and the doors had to be locked to the crowd. Hundreds on hundreds were turned away. No company, though small, gave satisfaction. Among the troupe are Blanche Chapman, Mlle. Sallie, Mlle. Azaline, Miss Annie, Frank Steele, James Hays, George White, Schultz Ferguson, James Foster and others. The Hawley Brothers, cloggists and song and dance men, are engaged. Fort Scott is one of the liveliest towns in the west. The railroad has just been completed and hundreds of strangers are coming in daily. Hotel accommodations and beds are at a premium." More talent is wanted, as will be seen by a card in another column.

AT WRIGHT'S VARIETIES, Lynchburgh, Va., Harry Wright has added to the company Sallie Benner and Leona Armand. A correspondent says:—"The entertainments are well attended. Johnny Harris, who has been laid up with rheumatism for some time, made his *reentree* last night, going to Bradford, Pa., where he met with considerable success in the principal cities of South America. The execution of Gottschalk had a finish, a neatness, a rapidity quite astonishing. At the moment when he seemed to soothe you with an imperceptible melody there escaped from his fingers a hurricane of notes of an admirable power and sonorousness. His 'Banjo,' "Night March," "Soldier Song," "Apotheosis," and other compositions for the piano, are well known, and have thousands of players. His composition was like his playing, brilliant, ingenious, dashing, at times dreamy, and gracefully adapted to the sentiment of the hour. He had unquestionable and remarkable mastery of the piano, and, both as a musician and a man of society, his loss will be widely felt among large circles of his devoted admirers.

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Negro Minstrelsy.

MR. HOOLEY, of Brooklyn, is doing a bigger business at present than has ever been done in minstrelsy in the "City of Churches," as his hall is nightly crowded to repletion. His receipts for the month of December were $6,550, but for the present month they will, no doubt, reach a much higher amount. He gives away presents every night and the hope of getting some valuable article induces many to go. He announces that he will give this week two gold enamelled diamond set watches. Cool Burgess is in the fourth and last week of his engagement. On the 28th inst. he takes a benefit. Master V. and G. Dickson, the youngest not six years old, appear this week.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were in Louisville, Ky., on the 20th and 21st inst.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS are traveling through New York state. Cal Wagner and Bob Edwards are on the ends.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS were billed at Auburn, N. Y., for the 24th inst.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are booked at Auburn, N. Y., for Feb. 16th.

GEORGE KUNKLE, of minstrel fame, is up for a benefit at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 24th inst.

MIN TEELY is flourishing in Philadelphia at both of the Halls devoted to that kind of entertainment. Dunrez and Benedict have become established in the Quaker City and their endeavors to please are rewarded by most excellent houses. A host of new acts are announced for the current week.....Carncross and Dixey's party give a change of programme, including the burlesque of "Blow for Blow," and the act of "Herrman."

FRANK WELLS, female impersonator, advertises that he can be engaged.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened, for one week, at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Monday evening, 17th inst. Our correspondent says:—"They had the best house in the city on the opening night, and have since kept the hall comfortably full. The programme was an entertaining one, and was put on without any hitch. The company was unlucky in one respect. They billed 'Sam Sidney' as their big card, in Lingard acts, and had him meet them here from Boston. He appeared Monday night only, and was a very bad take in. He was then very appropriately dropped. After the opening chorus and overture, Harry Baker sang very nicely, 'Under the Snow,' a new ballad; Sam Price (bones) then followed with his 'Grandpa,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICALS, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 25 cents per line for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS and BUSINESS Advertisements, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES to be interpolated in our NEWS DEPARTMENTS—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *Thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

In our LETTER ON HAVANA CELEBRATIONS nothing of a paid character or one appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Monday, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 83 and 85 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREAT CARLETON
commences an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on Monday, Jan. 10th, 1870, in his original Irish Protean Sketches. He has in preparation new and superior sensation acts. Managers address Clipper office, or Howard Athenæum for one week. 41-4t*

TO CIRCUS AND SIDE SHOW MANAGERS.
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
CIRCUS AND SIDE SHOW CANVAS MAKERS,
114 COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Can give a complete outfit, Canvas, Poles, Chains, Guys, Flags, &c. Price list sent free.
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
41-13t* 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.

TEMPERANCE HALL,
PHŒNIXVILLE, PA.
Entirely new, well heated, splendid new Scenery, Dressing Rooms, Side and Foot Lights
RENTED WITH OR WITHOUT SCENERY.
For further particulars address MR. WM. WAITKNIGHT.
39-26 Phœnixville, Pa.

CALHOUN PRINTING WORKS;
HARTFORD, CONN.,
ALEX. CALHOUN,
SOLE PROPRIETOR AND DIRECTOR.
WILLIAM H. HIGGS, JOHN S. ALLEN, SUPT'S.
REMOVED AND ENLARGED.
WOOD'S BUILDING,
283 Main street, near Post Office, the Finest and most Extensive SHOW PRINTING HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND.
UNSURPASSED BY ANY IN AMERICA.

The proprietor takes this occasion to acknowledge his obligations to the many friends and patrons of this establishment, who have enabled him to build up, establish and maintain it entirely from his own earnings, unaided by any outside backers. With facilities and resources

GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Our utmost exertions shall be put forth to still make this concern the favorite resort of the people for PRINTING OF ALL CLASSES. The work executed has always been admitted as

INFINITELY SUPERIOR

to that produced by any establishment in the State, and in our specialties

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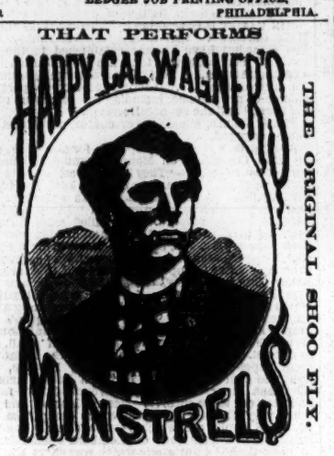

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